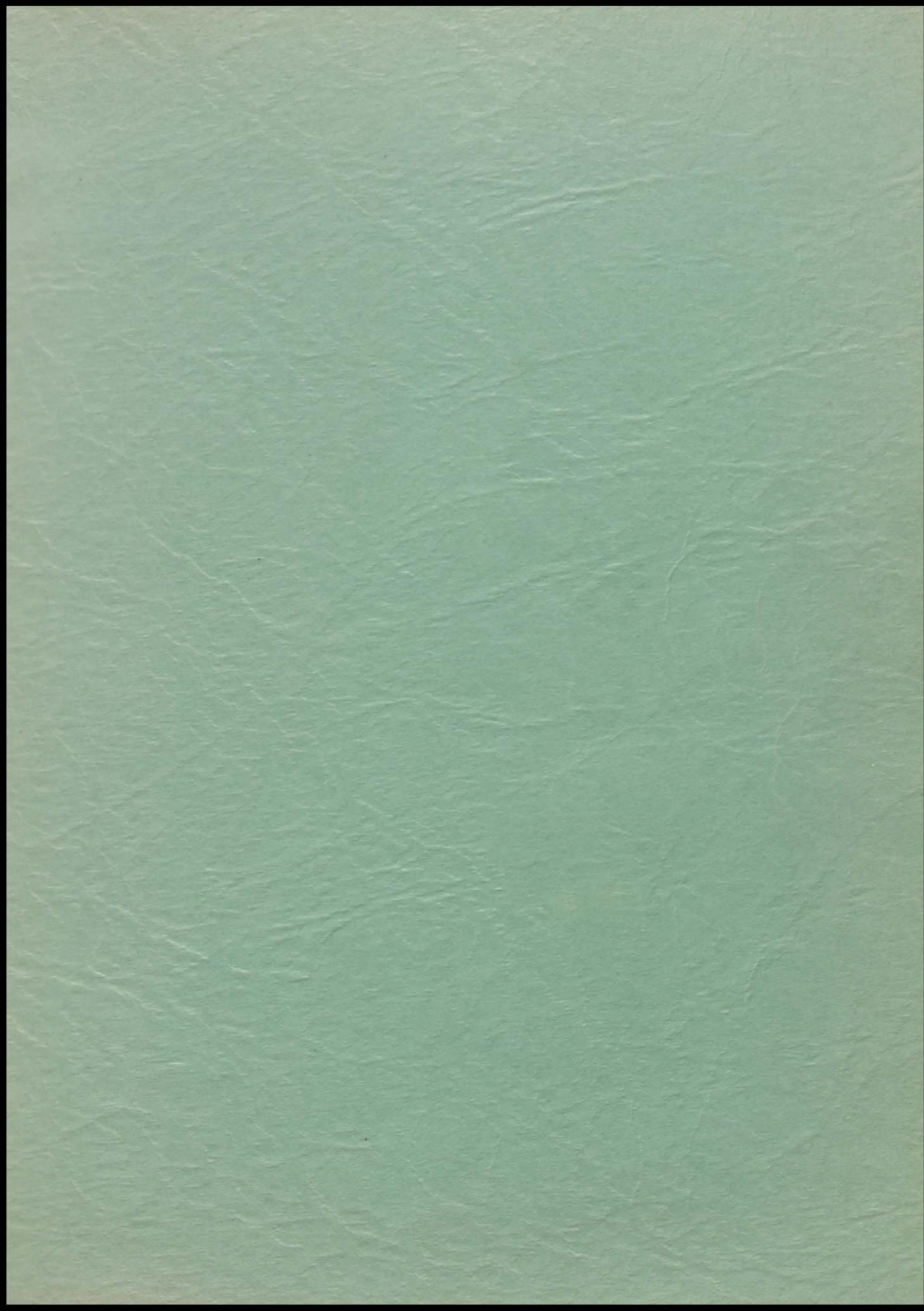


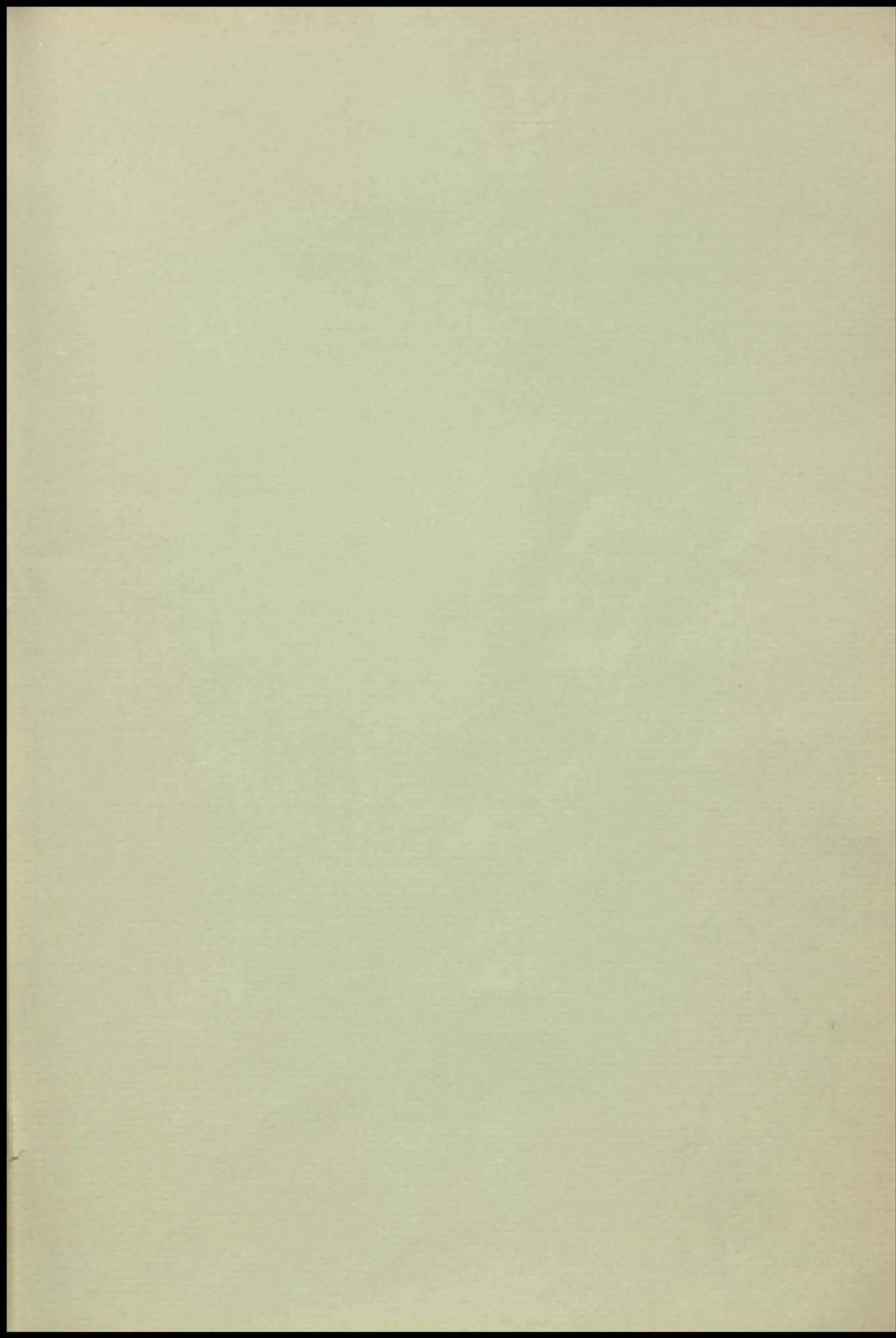
St. Stephen
† School †

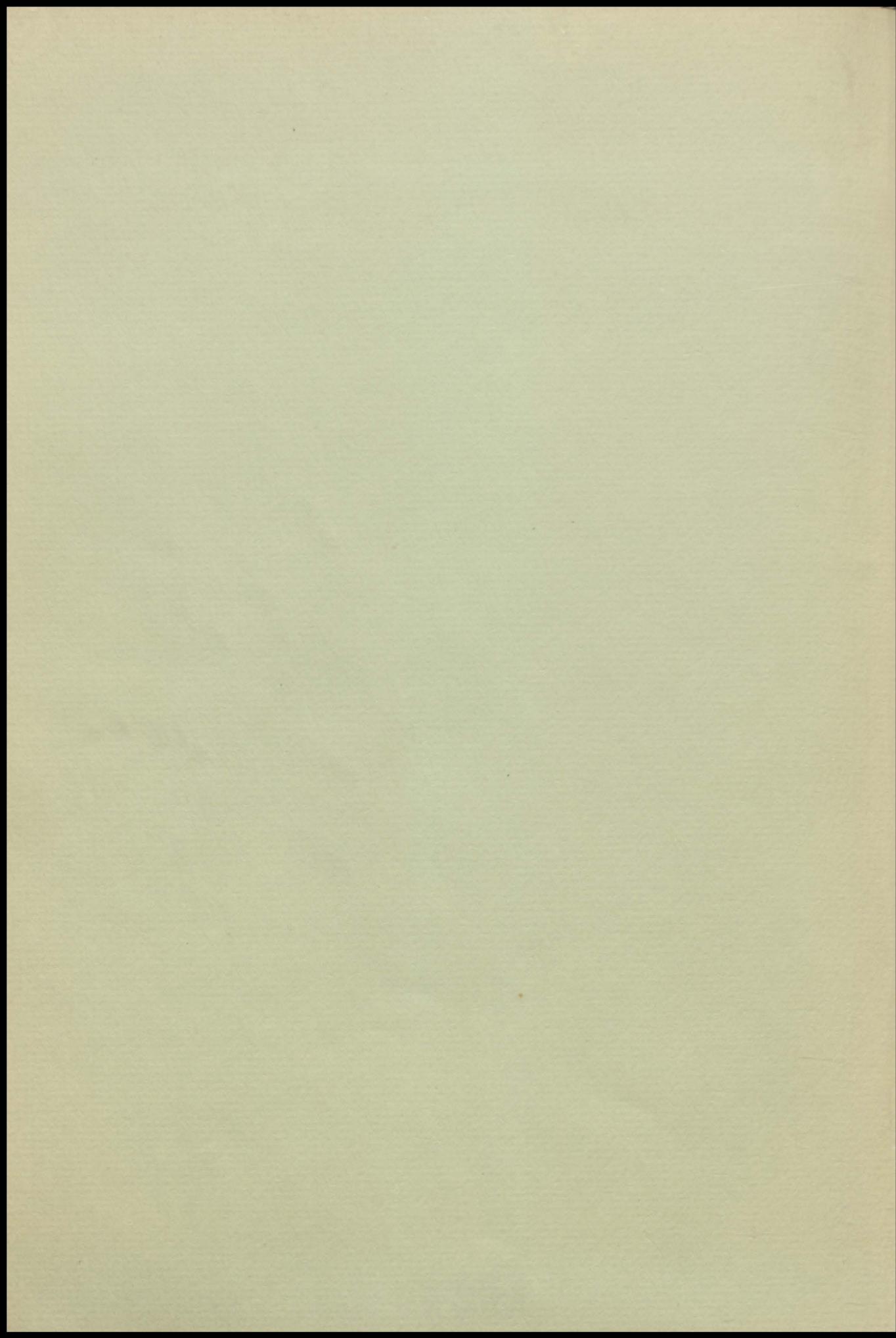


The Portal

1931







THE PORTAL

VOLUME I

Published by

ST. STEPHEN HIGH SCHOOL

PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

JUNE, 1931



DEDICATION

To our parents, those noble souls who have labored and sacrificed that we might receive an education we gratefully dedicate this book. May we ever remember the immense debt we owe them, and may we never forget to repay them for the innumerable hardships they have undergone that we might arrive at the threshold of life equipped with a High School education. Let us keep this image always before our eyes, and in working, strive to be all and more than they expect, true sons and daughters of noble parents.

THE PORTAL

EXPLANATION OF "THE PORTAL"

"The Portal" was chosen as the title of the Annual of St. Stephen High School, after long and serious thought. Many names suggested themselves; names that mean much in the vocabulary of friendship and memory. But "Portal" was selected because it bears a direct relation to the town we call the "home town," and the word has an allegorical meaning at Commencement time.

Port Huron is the gateway to the wide and deeper waters of Lake Huron. Ships before entering into the lake are overhauled and their equipment shown to be seaworthy. Once into the deeper water, the shore line disappears and the vessel finds itself guiding the path with the aid of the compass only. Sometimes the path is straight and clear, sometimes it zigzags into narrow channels to avoid rocks and shoals, but always the compass guides, and the Beacon lights of the distant shore beckon a welcome through the mists.

How like our life at leaving school. The friendly guiding hands of school life are withdrawn and we are now to sail our boat into the broader circles of the world. We should be seaworthy for we have had the advantage of every instruction which might develop both the spiritual and intellectual and physical man. Our moral conscience must be our compass, and pure and simple trust in God, our guiding star, and shining clear above any shoals, must be the great ideal of our noblest and best effort, which will bring us safely to the Portal of Eternity.

LAWRENCE NELSON, '31.

IMMACULATE

*Dear God, how wonderful Thy mighty ways!
My spirit, visioning eternal days
Sinks into nothingness before Thy rays
Of mercy and omnipotence.*

*Thy fiat called the sun, the starry light,
That gladdens day and beautifies the night,
From nothing; and Thy word, omniscient might
Made all in grace and loveliness.*

*The slender blade of waving grass at morn,
A blushing rose, protected by its thorn,
And painted butterfly in beauty borne
On wings of Heaven's translucency.*

*The lofty hills, the snow-clad, silent peaks,
The moaning sea, the rippling brooklet speaks
The wondrous care, while mourning nature weeps
O'er man's supreme forgetfulness.*

*All, all is beautiful beyond compare,
All loud proclaim Thy loving, mighty care,
Thy creatures one and all, surpassing fair
Announce supernal loveliness.*

*And still they tell us that Thy might divine
Refused fore'er the mother of Thy Son and mine
To shield from Adam's sin, when always Thine
Was power to guard her comeliness.*

—SELECTED.

THE PORTAL

TO FATHER McCORMICK

*Dearest Father,
We gather to receive your blessing,
As each prepares to continue alone.
To our lips thoughts of thanks we are pressing,
Would that our voices had an almighty tone.*

*Our faithful friend,
We thank you for your great interest,
And pride you felt in every school affair.
The work of each pupil you rewarded,
In pleasures always holding a major share.*

*Most steadfast guide,
Now as our short time comes to a close,
We again thank you for all you have done
To make our school life always remembered,
Life's first great battle we have most nobly won.*

HOWARD GOBEYN, '31.

TO THE FACULTY

*Only some blue and white virgins.
Untainted, unsought and unknown,
Treading the pathway to heaven,
Reaping the seeds they have sown.*

*Day after day they have struggled,
Day after day they have won,
Teaching, correcting and guiding
Each parishioner's daughter or son.*

*Who are these blue and white virgins?
Whose care, future years will not dim.
They are only a group of loved Sisters
Our Faculty, dear, of the I. H. M.*

CATHERINE BAUMANN, '31.

THE PORTAL



THE STAFF

<i>Editor</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	ROBERT RYAN
<i>Senior Assistant</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	JOHN BRITZ
<i>Junior Assistant</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	JAMES LOVE
<i>Literary</i>	-	-	WILLIAM ADAMSON, CATHERINE BAUMANN				
<i>Quotations</i>	-	MARGARET KUSCHEL, ANNA MAES, MARIE MAURY					
<i>Organization</i>	-	-	MARGARET O'BRIEN, HARRY LOVE				
<i>Social</i>	-	-	PATSY BOWEN, ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG				
<i>Music and Dramatics</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	DONALD MULLIGAN
<i>Alumni</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	NOREEN MARA
<i>Sports</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	JOSEPH WRIGHT
<i>Snapshots</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	NICHOLAS BERNARD
<i>Art</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	JOHN ADDISON
<i>Assistant Art</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDWARD ARMSTRONG
<i>Typists</i>	-	-	MARCUS BURLEIGH, LAWRENCE NELSON				
<i>Jokes</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	ROBERT KELLY
<i>Business Manager</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	DONALD GARDNER
<i>Senior Assistant</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY WALTON
<i>Junior Assistant</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	LEROY SHARROW
<i>Circulation</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	ERNEST STEROSKY

HISTORY OF ST. STEPHEN SCHOOL



THE OFFICE

"The Old Order Changeth and Yieldeth Place to New," once spoke the poet Tennyson. Several times has this quotation successfully shown the foundations and advancing history of various institutions.

However no other quotation could possibly illustrate fully the title "St. Stephens Old and New."

The first St. Stephen's School was built in 1879 under the direction of the Pastor, Rev. Father Edward E. Van Lowe.

Through his untiring efforts he viewed the results of his labors when in September, 1880, he saw St. Stephen's Catholic School open her portals for the first time to the little ones of his generous flock.

The school was erected at a cost of \$7,000.00, but soon however it became necessary to build an addition to the present structure in order to accommodate four hundred more children.

This school was under the guidance of Sisters of Providence from St. Mary's of Terra Haute, Indiana, and these Sisters conducted a boarding school for young ladies known as the Academy of the Sacred Heart.

It was the Nelson Roberts home at 809 Park street, that served as the convent and academy for the first few years until 1884, when the present building was erected.

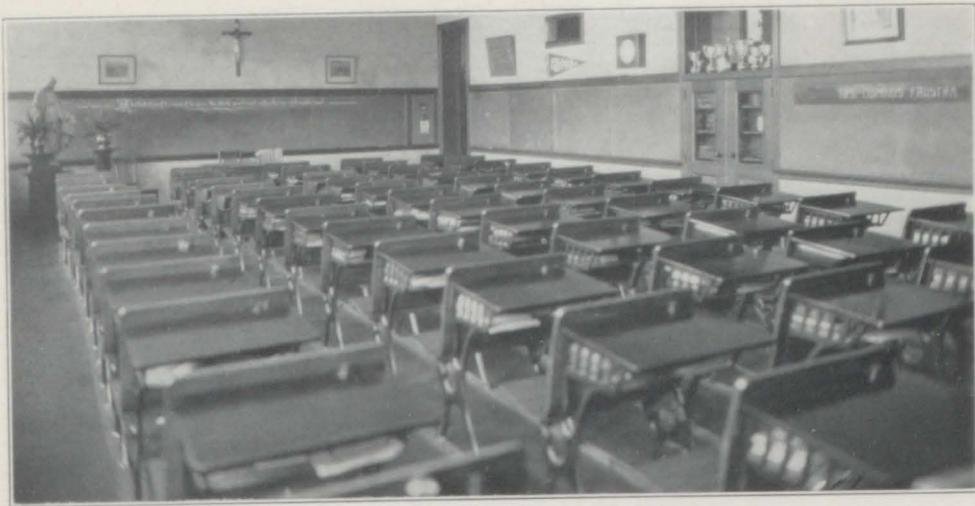
This is a brick veneer 72 ft. by 40 ft. and still serves as a home for the present teachers.

Since 1896, the school has been in charge of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary from Monroe. They came to replace the nuns of the Order of Providence, since it was against their rules to teach boys.

In August, 1891, Rev. Father Edward E. Van Lowe, after seeing his labors crowned, was taken by death and was immediately succeeded by Rev. J. P. McManus.

Steadily the school grew and in the columns of our annual under the heading of Alumni, we will trace the fortune of the many graduates who have passed through her venerable portals.

THE PORTAL



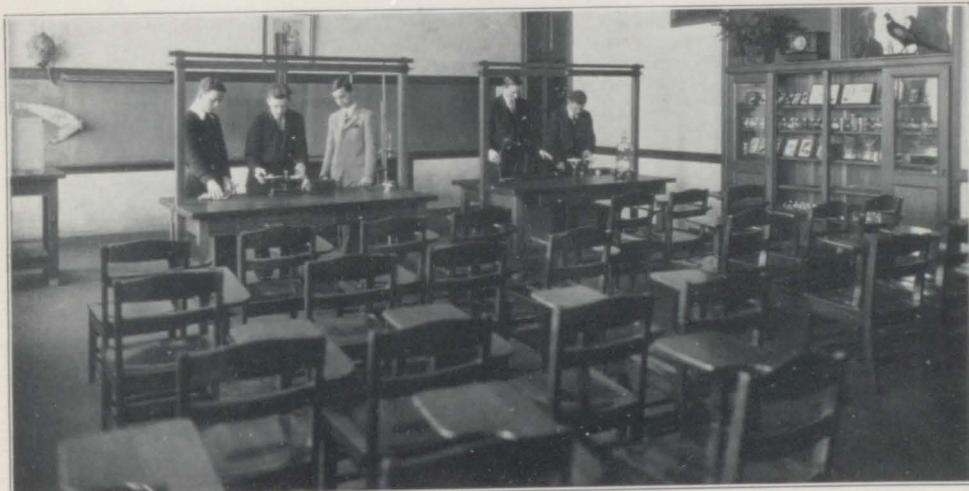
SENIOR AND JUNIOR ASSEMBLY

But like all other growing institutions, St. Stephen's oak had outgrown its tiny acorn cup, and a new school was discussed and planned.

In a short time Father McCormick having viewed the plans of Donaldson and Meier, Detroit architects, called upon them to build, the realization of his dreams, a New and Modern St. Stephen's High School.

However, Father McManus, our venerable pastor, was compelled to leave the scene of his thirty years of labor and take up his residence in Lake Worth, Florida, because of ill health. He did not remain to see the erection of our New School, which is today affiliated with the State University, of Ann Arbor. He, however, returned to St. Stephen to be the first to touch the switch to light the new school. He is Pasor Emeritus, and accepts the allotted salary of his position. This burden is a labor of love borne willingly by his grateful parishioners.

After the completion of the new building the task that now faced our Pastor was the money to furnish the various rooms, but however like other calls this, too,



PHYSICAL LIBRARY



LIBRARY

was readily answered by the Parishioners of Old St. Stephen's and the list of room and other gift donors are as follows:

First Grade	- - - - -	JOSEPH RONAN
Second Grade	- - - - -	D. W. BONNAH, of Detroit
Third Grade	- - - - -	MR. AND MRS. JOHN W. FEAD
Fourth Grade	- - - - -	JOHN HAYES
Fifth Grade	- - - - -	MARY REILLY
Sixth Grade	- - - - -	MR. FINN (In memory of)
Seventh Grade	- - - - -	P. H. MAHAR
Eighth Grade	- - - - -	MARGARET SHARPE
Ninth Grade (203)	- - - - -	ANDREW J. MURPHY
Ninth Grade (207)	- - - - -	Memory of THOS. WALSH
Tenth Grade	- - - - -	REV. E. J. McCORMICK
Eleventh Grade	- - - - -	MR. AND MRS. LEROY WILSON



CHEMICAL LIBRARY

THE PORTAL

Twelfth Grade	MRS. JAMES WILSON
Music Room	Grandchildren of MR. AND MRS. BENJ. J. KARRER, SR.
Commercial Room	JOHN T. GILL
Chemistry Laboratory	ST. ANN ALTAR SOCIETY
Physical Laboratory	HOLY NAME SOCIETY
Aquarium for Biology Laboratory	CLASS OF 1927
Glass case for Biology Laboratory	CLASS OF 1928

A double tennis court, at the rear of the school, was arranged for by Mr. John W. Fead, and his plans carried out, by his wife, after his death.

Assembly Hall—Furnished by people of parish in memory of Rev. J. P. McManus.

Auditorium—Furnished by people of parish in memory of Rev. J. P. McManus.
Statue of Blessed Virgin Mary In memory of MRS. FRANK MALLON
Statue of Sacred Heart JOHN GILMARTIN, in memory of his father
Victrola MRS. JOHN DOLAN

Our Library is very modern and contains 2,235 volumes. These books are the donation of different classes and individuals, as well as the very well chosen books, which were always the proud boast of "Old St. Stephen's."

Our little library, located on first floor, for use of the grammar grade children, was helped by the generous donation of Miss Julia Phillips.

This concludes the story of St. Stephen, except to say that although our graduates in 1899 only numbered three and our class of 1931 number forty-two, still we feel that the added quantity would not be our excuse for honest pride if we failed as we grew to imbibe and perpetuate the fine old spirit that ever marked the "old grads."

MARGARET O'BRIEN '31.



UPPER CORRIDOR

THE PORTAL

CLASS RING

*Not the metal, nor the gold,
Makes me love my class ring,
But the memories you will hold
And the blessings you will bring.*

*Lovingly we took you up
And our Pastor breathed a prayer
That our lives will faithful be
Bright as you were shining there.*

*Dear Class ring in time to come
You will bring us memories dear
Of the friends in '31
Who have dearer grown each year.*

VERONICA EASTON, '31.

CLASS FLOWER

“*NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRÆ.*”
Faculty, students and friends,
Can we but whisper just a
Word where school-days end,
Proving that you have led us
Life's best to attain,
And “Unless God be with us
All labor is vain!”

“*NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRÆ.*”
Dear classmates, as we part,
Sorrow seems to thrust a
Sharp pain through each heart,
May it all remind us
In Alma Mater's name
That “Unless God be with us
All labor is vain!”

“*NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRÆ.*”
With our green and gold
And our class flower, just a
Rose unrolled,
May life's training fit us
Heaven's our smile to gain,
For “Unless God be with us
All labor is vain!”

CLETA O'BRIEN, '31.

*Go lovely rose, the poet sang,
And tell the world we chose you
To give us joy throughout the years
And keep our hearts in rose hue.*

*Our rosy glasses we will wear
When sorrows cross our pathway,
And love the rose and scorn the thorns
And think of our bright class day.*

ALYCE HEANEY, '31.

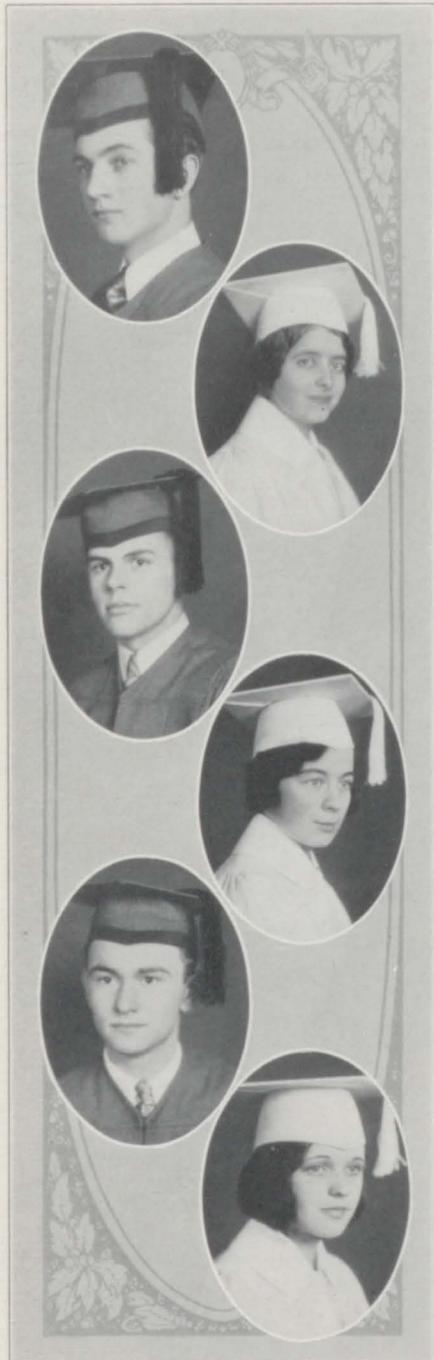
CLASS COLORS

*Good as gold may we forever
Keep our hearts along life's way,
While Truth's golden sunbeam sever
All the darkness from our day.*

*May the green stand as a symbol
Of our spirits strong and bold,
While never in our memories lull
The beauties of the green and gold.*

JEAN MUGAN, '31.

THE PORTAL



ROBERT KELLY

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck"

MABEL JARVIS

*"She is little from tip to toe,
Chuck full of life and go"*

JOHN BRITZ

"The force of his own merit makes his way"

MARY SULLIVAN

"I'm sure care is an enemy of life"

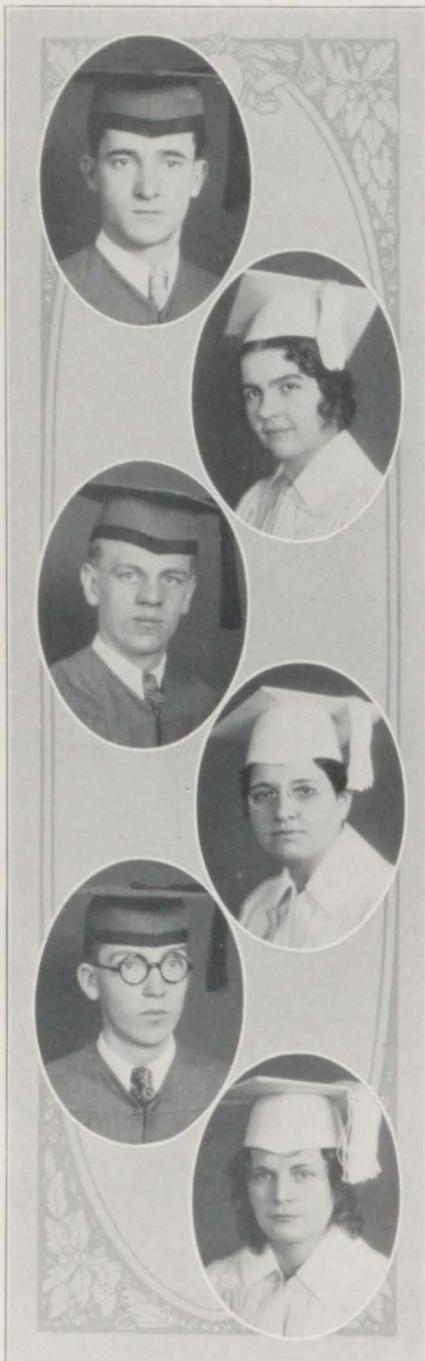
HARRY LOVE

"A little fun to match the sorrow"

ANNA MAES

*"She's just the quiet kind, whose nature never
varies"*

THE PORTAL



WILLIAM ADAMSON

"No man is happy who does not think himself so"

PATSY BOWEN

"Merry and blithe is she"

NICHOLAS BERNARD

"I come late, when I come"

CLAIRE MCCORMICK

"She is pretty to walk with, witty to talk with and pleasant to look upon"

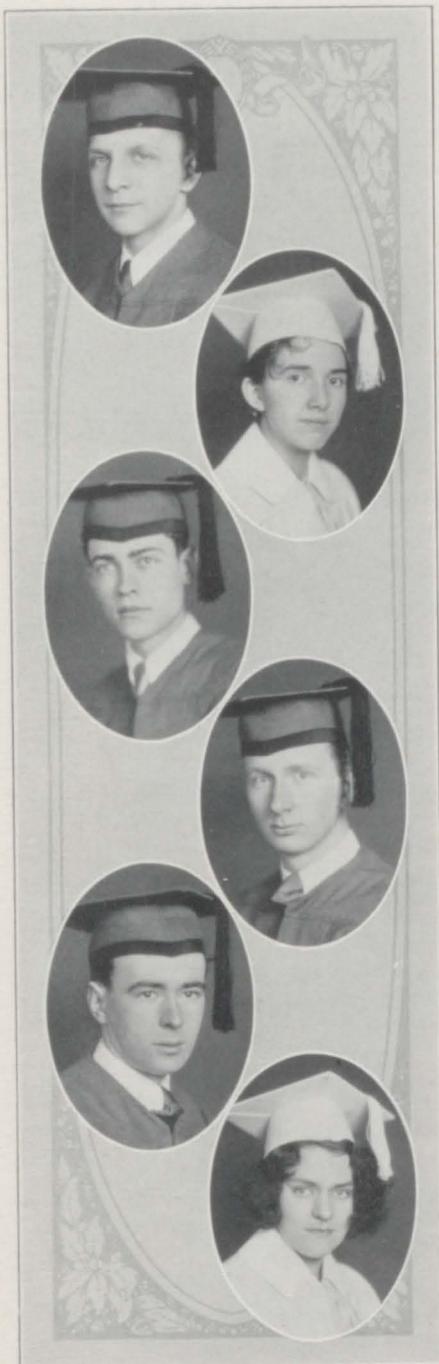
HAROLD ZIMMER

"I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude"

MARIE MAURY

"Beware of fair hair, for she excels in the magic of her locks"

THE PORTAL



CHARLES MOSER

"From a tiny spark may burst a mighty flame"

VERONICA EASTON

"An honest countenance is the best passport"

MARCUS BURLEIGH

"The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its scholars great men"

CLARE SIMPSON

"Hath he not an innocent look?"

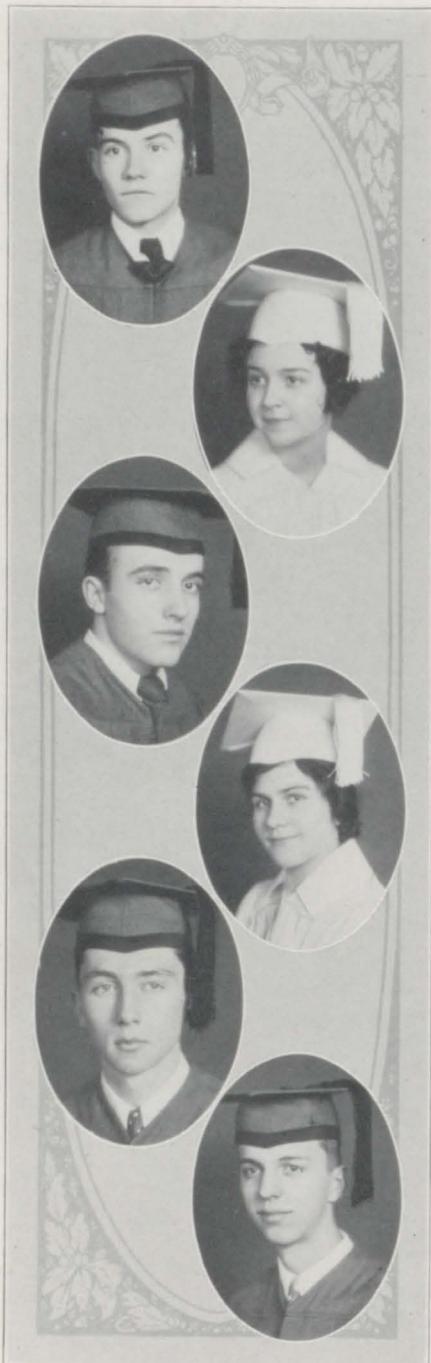
THOMAS STRINGER

"I am not a politician, and my other habits are good"

ALYCE HEANEY

"Good temper is an estate of life"

THE PORTAL



ROBERT RYAN

"He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence"

ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG

"Always as neat and dainty as a doll"

ROBERT KEARNS

"By sports are all his cares beguiled"

CATHERINE BAUMANN

"Work first and then rest"

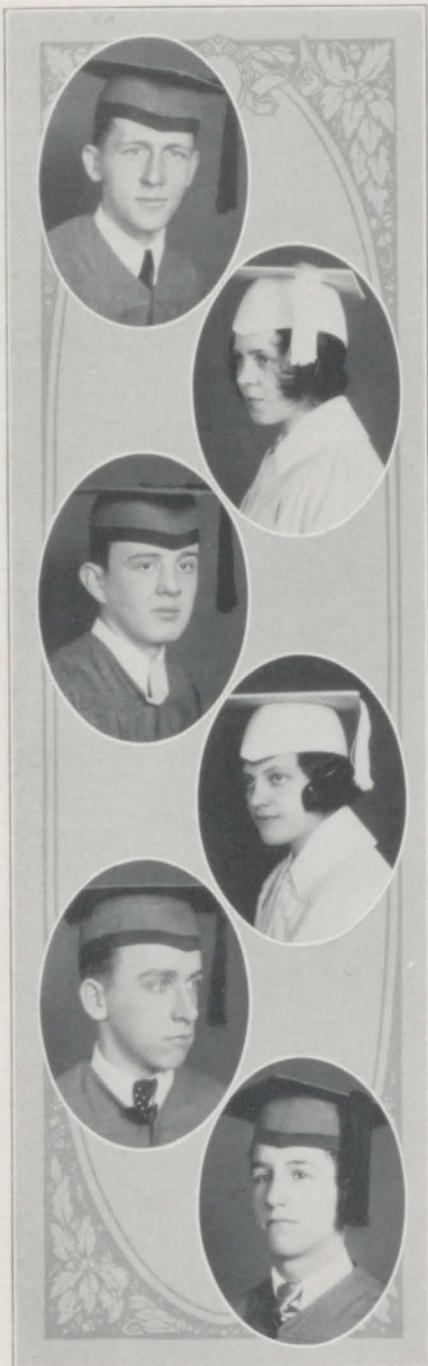
JOHN ADDISON

"He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat"

HOWARD GOBEYN

"If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much knowledge as to be out of danger?"

THE PORTAL



DONALD GARDNER
"A square set man and honest"

NOREEN MARA
"With a piano, I'll charm you"

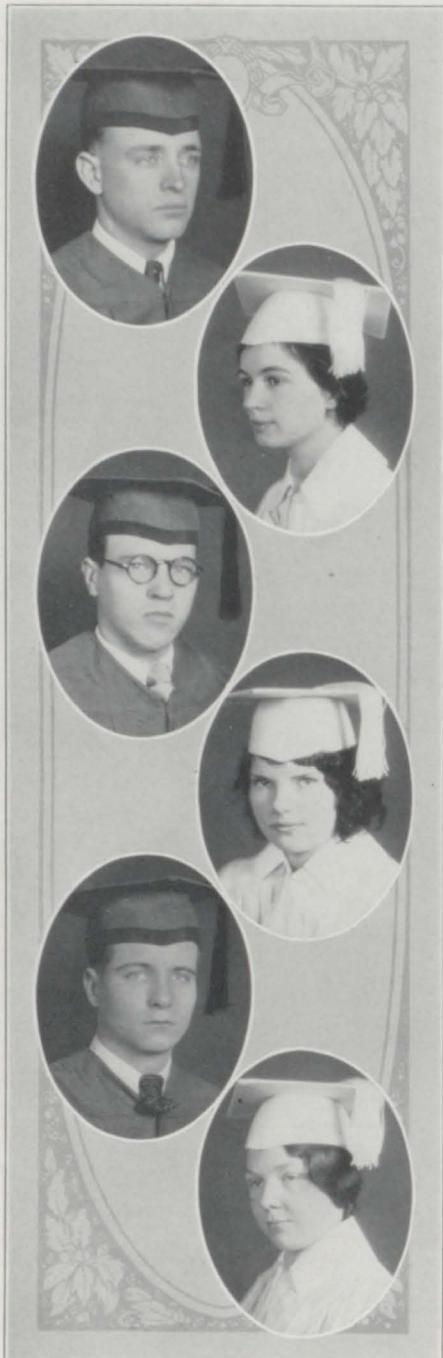
NAVARRE REVNEW
"Let me umpire in this doubtful strife"

MARGARET KUSCHEL
*"Her voice was low and sweet,
An excellent thing in woman"*

JOSEPH WRIGHT
"Music, the mosaic of the air"

GEORGE BLEAU
"We never heard him speak in haste"

THE PORTAL



VINCENT WYLLIE

"Life without sports is not life"

MARTHA RONDEAU

"To give her her due, she has wit"

LAWRENCE NELSON

"Take things as they come"

JEAN MUGAN

*"Strew gladness on the paths of men,
You will not pass this way again"*

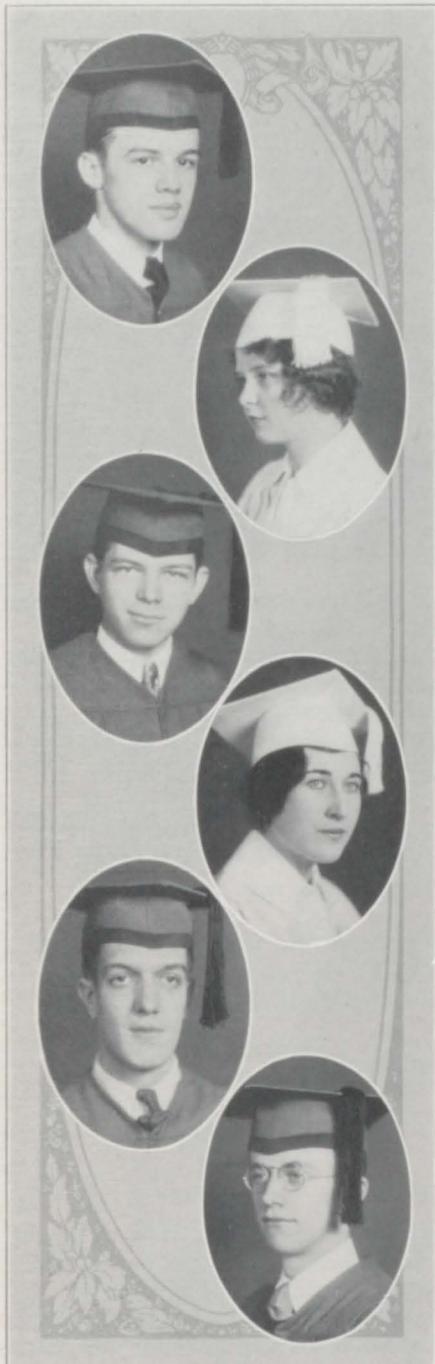
PETER BURNS

*"All great men are dead or dying, and I'm not
feeling well myself"*

MARGARET O'BRIEN

"A witty woman is a treasure"

THE PORTAL



DONALD MULLIGAN

*"A wise man, like the moon, only shows his
bright side to the world"*

MARY WALTON

*"All who joy would win—must share it,
Happiness was born a twin"*

JOSEPH WALTON

"Oh to live at ease and not be bound to think"

CLETA O'BRIEN

*"There is more pleasure in building castles in
the air than on the ground"*

HOWARD FRUMVELLER

"What a piece of work is man"

ERNEST STEROSKY

"Ernest in name, earnest in deed"



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row)—Francis Cogley, Edward McGill, Thomas Burns, Bernard Netter, Benjamin Filer, LeRoy Sharow, James Love.

SECOND ROW—Bernard Ward, Francis Wellman, William Neinstedt, William Dunn, John Walton, Loraine Green, Thomas Kearns, Thomas LaVigne, Ralph Keen, Raymond Linteau, Armson Graham, Julian McMonagle.

THIRD ROW—Bernard Kessel, Oliver King, Veronica Moore, Catherine Spence, Barbara Reineke, Virginia Fitzpatrick, Mildred Roy, Edward Branton, Louis Praht.

FOURTH ROW—Joyce Gerber, Angela Martell, Helma Smith, Catherine Wittliff, Eleanor Tynan, Marion LeFevre, Elizabeth Zauner, Jane Neaton, Marie Fitzpatrick, Claire Kendall.

JUNIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	BENJAMIN FILER
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	BERNARD NETTER
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	THOMAS KEARNS
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	FRANCIS WELLMAN

JUNIOR ADDRESS

With three years of High School life completed, we now look forward to the fourth and last. Respectfully and proudly we have looked upon the Senior Class of '31 and will ever hold the memory of their last year at St. Stephen a happy one. We are bound together by ties of friendship, and we all know how deep the bonds between Senior and Junior classes may be. And so while we wish our departing Seniors "Good-bye, good luck and God bless 'em," still it is with a feeling of added responsibility that we ascend to take their places. Classmates, in September we will have entered on our final year of High School life. The past has given promise of a bright and happy future. Let us one and all work to achieve the highest ideals in the hearts of the most ambitious, and make our work, conform to the high standard, that St. Stephen School has ever maintained.

THE PORTAL



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row)—John Varty, Fredrick Kaupp, Joseph Wymen,
James Mason, Edward Platzer, Arnold Glombowski, James Studer.

SECOND Row—Clarence La Londe, Edward Miner, William Innis, Frank Dunn, Edward Jones, John Barry, William Becherer, Joseph Gillet.

THIRD ROW—Katherine McCormick, Edna Bleau, Shirley Sharow, Frances La-Fevre, Margaret Minnie, Catherine Brady, Julia Ganhs, Bernadine Stanley, Helen Hibye, Elizabeth Schwitzke, Marie Bonney, Margaret Houle, Mary Duhig, Mary Roche.

FOURTH Row—Josephine Woods, Jean Mara, Madeline O'Brien, Elizabeth Steinborn, Evelyn O'Rourke, Marjory Sheehan, Mary Graziadei, Agnes Conway, Marie Noel, Margaret Kennedy, Loretta Miner, Charlotte Bezenah, Anne Ward.

FIFTH Row—Rose Marie Schwab, Betty Patton, Alice Cameron, Elizabeth Kirckoff, Ruth Leahy, Jean Chase, Nelda Noffs, Albert Osterle, Irene Lewendowski, Mary Addison, Martha Sullivan, Marguerite Mason, Doris Cote, Elizabeth Frumveller.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

OFFICERS

President - - - - - NELDA NOFFS
Vice-President - - - - - ALBERT OESTERLE
Secretary - - - - - JEAN CHASE
Treasurer - - - - - IRENE LEWENDOWSKI

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

The Sophomore Class has the record of being the largest single class to enter St. Stephen's tenth grade. "Quality not quantity is our watchword." We have proven our motto many times, and surely if we continue the same fine spirit of co-operation in the future that we have shown in the past we can be the largest and the finest spirited class St. Stephen School has ever graduated. We do not claim to be the brightest, nor the most talented, but we do hope to achieve the distinction of realizing better than any other class, what the true spirit of a Catholic High School should be, and maintaining through this realization the traditions for which St. Stephen School has always stood.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row)—Nelson Debien, Virgil Benenati, George Minnie, William Stringer, Shirley Rondeau, Wilson Glaab, and Jack Wayant.

SECOND ROW—John Beeler, Robert O'Brien, Jack Courtney, John Steinborn, and Kenneth Cristner.

THIRD ROW—Ione Hebard, Alice Minnie, Madeline Kinert, Olive Hebard, Kathleen Radey, Frances McPhee, Agnes O'Rourke, Rita Marx, Ruth O'Connor, Martha Netter, Janet McEachern.

FOURTH ROW—Everine Bezenah, Norma Carey, Elizabeth Carey and Dorothy Schwitzke.

THOSE SITTING ARE—Jane Stringer, Jane Britz, Francis Graziadei, and Daniel Karl.

FRESHMEN ROOM 203

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	FRANCIS GRAZIADEI
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	DANIEL KARL
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	JANE BRITZ
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	JANE STRINGER

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

As we look back over our first year in High School, we are perhaps a little pleased with ourselves that it did not turn out worse. It was all new and we had many problems to meet which did not arise in the grammar grades. We met them squarely and have, I feel, a good start towards a happy High School career. Let the same good spirit of cooperation towards our school and each other tide us over each of the years of our High School period.



LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row)—Paul Tetreau, Leo Zimmer, Loren Relken, Clifford DeMars, Joseph Wellman, Charles Letzgus, Wilfred Moser.

SECOND ROW—George LaVigne, Jack Gerber, Wilson McGill, William Ainsworth, Jack O'Hara, John Dolan, Lawrence Noffs, and Edward Armstrong.

THIRD ROW—Mary Eren, Betty Nienstedt, Madeline Karrer, Agnes Heaney, Olive Fish, Madonna Burleigh, Helen Smith, Marie Young, Alfreda Zimmer, Margaret Gorham.

STANDING—Mary Ryan, Marion Barzone.

SEATED—Margaret Kearns, Dorothy Becherer, Thomas Brophy, Floyd Bernard.

FRESHMEN ROOM 207

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	FLOYD BERNARD
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	DOROTHY BECHERER
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	THOMAS BROPHY
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET KEARNS

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

After nine short years of school life, our class is soon to be the proud possessor of the title "Sophomore." We will rejoice on this our tenth anniversary of our enrollment, but this promotion should also arouse serious thought of our life after graduation. Then we will have to show forth the excellent training we have received at St. Stephen's. We should therefore use these few remaining years in an endeavor to prepare ourselves for our start in real life.

Come on students, it's only fair that we should do this, for it will partially repay our teachers as well as parents for all the sacrifices and work they have done for us.

THE PORTAL

VALEDICTORY

Reverend Father, Kind Sisters, Parents and Friends:

Together for twelve years we have been striving to attain this goal. The thought of our success brings joy but mingled with it there is a feeling of sadness and regret because we must leave behind the places and persons so dear to us all.

We have at last come to a bend in the river of life. Here we stop and ask the question, "What awaits us around this bend?" We know there will be windings, and turnings, there will be evil rocks and shoals and the tangle of seaweed. But placing our trust in our Divine Guide and His Blessed Mother we will go forward and conquer them. Our God, who calmed the sea of Galilee will do the same for us, and Mary, Our Heavenly Mother will be our "Star of the Sea" as she has been for countless others.

We have been very fortunate in obtaining a wonderful Catholic training, which solves the question of "right, good and infinite." Thus, fearlessly we approach the widening vista of our life. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University once said, "School is not a preparation for life, school is life." We have learned as many things informally outside the classroom as we have in it. Theories we learned from books but civic responsibilities, little plans of cooperation, contests where our reputation as students was at stake, all these have helped us to realize the part we are to play in the broader stream of life's endeavor.

We have been well taught. But now we must put into practice the principles that seemed so easy and natural in the atmosphere of our schoolroom. We have called our year book, which we shall ever treasure for the memories it contains "The Portal." Only seaworthy ships are allowed to pass the portals. We have satisfactorily passed the tests of the educational authorities. We must now conduct ourselves in such a manner that we will achieve the hopes of our parents and maintain the ideals pointed out for us by the faculty.

Today we review fondly the patience, love, and kindness of our parents, our pastor and the Sisters. They are responsible for the smoothness with which we have glided over the water. Always sheltering, always guiding, always warning, they kept us from the barriers that meant ship wreck. Today words cannot express the feelings of love, of reverence, and of gratitude, harbored in our hearts for those true friends.

Classmates, we have now received our chart and our compass and each must travel on alone. We leave St. Stephen's now as students, but, as loyal members of the Alumni, we shall ever be interested in every school activity. We shall watch with keen interest the class functions and contests of the other classes with whom we have associated, and be the first to pass on the encouragement we received from that fine body of men and women, known as St. Stephen's Alumni. Though as a class we may be forced far apart, let us always place our trust in God, let us ever keep our green-and-gold before us, and let us face the duties of the unknown waters bravely and boldly. Then, shall we sail true to our God, our ideals, and our Alma Mater.

HOWARD GOBEYN, '31.

SALUTATORY

Rev. Fathers, Faculty, Parents, Classmates:

The great honor has been bestowed upon me, by my "Alma Mater," of bidding you welcome here today. For this privilege, I am very grateful, but still, as I look around and see your faces, marked with expression of wisdom and experience far exceeding our own, I cannot but feel that the words should come from you.

Nevertheless today, we, the graduates of 1931 are entertaining you officially as a class. Our school, to which we bid you welcome, is in reality your school, the one you planned, built and proudly watched grow. It is your St. Stephens which represents the investment in the children of the future. You have sacrificed to place at our disposal the advantages you felt would help us attain the standards set by Our Holy Father in his encyclical on Education.

We do not wish to boast as we know we will doubtlessly make the mistakes incidental to youth and inexperience yet we want you to know we have profited by the opportunities afforded us, and we hope to be able to show you that as men and women, we will have kept and realized some of the high ideals that are ours today.

In a very short time, we will be out in the world awaiting your welcome, then we will be joining you in that wider field of progress which make up active life. There much of our success will depend upon you and the way we are received.

But today, you have expressed your interest in us by being present on this our class day, and partaking in our happy nonsense, and for this we are very grateful.

To you this may be just another happy occasion to be enjoyed and then forgotten, but to us, it is one of the greatest days of our life and will always carry pleasant memories to us.

Looking back over the epoch of our high school years, we can truly say that we have done our best to make use of every opportunity offered us. To be sure it has been a very poor "best" at times but was truly our highest effort.

There are so many, many times in life when we are forced to admit the inadequacy of mere words, and this is one of those occasions. Something of what Tennyson had in mind when he said: "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me," comes to me at this time when my tongue refuses to express the true significance of that one word, "Welcome."

As every tiny seed is the glory of creation, in every blossom the promise of a future possibility, we, as a class, like these are pushing out from the seed to grow upward into perfection.

We ask you, dear friends to be glad with us and for us and as we enter upon this program of the hour. You are all here on the invitation of some of the class of 1931. You are parents and friends, interested neighbors, and members of under classes, but one and all of you are actuated by friendships and regard for us.

For the past few weeks we have been entertained by those social functions which are the happy occasion of graduates. Now the days before our graduation are growing fewer and the class day has arrived. We cannot express our gratitude at having you here today and we trust that in after years, when taking a retrospective glance over your past life, that the hour you spent with the graduates of '31 will linger as a pleasant picture on memory's wall.

JEAN MUGAN, '31.

THE PORTAL

CLASS SONG

1. *Dear St. Stephen we salute thee
Friend of student days,
You forever help us onward
Thru journeys o'er the ways.*
2. *To thee we bid a fond farewell
As from your doors we pass,
Knowing we shall never forget
Our High School Days' sweet spell.*

CHORUS:

*So we sing of student days,
Friendship made to live always;
To instructors of the truth
In St. Stephen's of our youth.
We are proud that with the fold
We may cheer the Green and Gold;
Happy scenes that ne'er will fade,
High School Days, dear High School Days.*

NOREEN MARA, '31.

CLASS POEM

*Classmates, pause here a moment, while our life is yet at morn;
Let us voice the new emotions that of this great hour are born.
'Tis the time which all has led to, since we heard the first bells call.
Calling us together in the old familiar hall.*

*Faithfully we've toiled and striven, pressing on with higher aim,
Thinking of each other, imitating men of fame.
O commencement's not the ending that it seems to all our strife,
But the gate that opens outward to a bigger, broader life!*

*Classmates, may the crescent promise of our spirit never set,
But the fount of inspiration gush through every fancy yet.
Let's let it fall on our dear school, on every friend we know,
Let us clasp each hand and whisper "Good-bye, Classmates" as we go.*

MARTHA RONDEAU, '31.



STUDENT SPIRITUAL COUNCIL

The Student Crusade Society of the past, so popular in St. Stephen's High School for many years, has been succeeded this year by the nation-wide organization known as the Students Spiritual Council. It was organized in St. Stephen's, September 25th, 1930, and the following officers from the Senior and Junior classes were elected:

President, ROBERT KELLY; Vice-President, CATHERINE BAUMANN; Secretary, JOHN ADDISON; Treasurer, ROBERT RYAN. Chairmen of various committees are:

Eucharistic Committee, ALYCE HEANEY; Our Lady's Committee, MABEL JARVIS; Mission Committee, ERNEST STEROSKY; Catholic Literature, MARGARET O'BRIEN; Publicity Committee, WILLIAM ADAMSON; Apostolic Committee, HELMA SMITH; Social Committee, BENJAMIN FILER.

Each chairman then selected a representative from each grade included in the S. S. C.

Literature: Senior, Patsy Bowen; Junior, Barbara Reineke; Sophomore, Albert Osterle; Freshman, Thomas Brophy, and Francis Graziadei; 8th Grade, Adalord Bleau; 7th Grade, Anna Kane.

Mission: Senior, Ernest Sterosky; Junior, Katherine Spencer; Sophomore, Mary Roche; Freshman, Clifford DeMars, and Rita Marx; 8th Grade, Eugene Laracyek; 7th Grade, June Clark.

Apostolic: Senior, Elizabeth Armstrong; Junior, Helma Smith; Sophomore, Margaret Houle; Freshman, Daniel Karl and Agnes Heaney; 8th Grade, Betty Pembleton; 7th Grade, Frances Woods.

Eucharistic: Senior, Alyce Heaney; Junior, Angela Martell; Sophomore, Margaret Kennedy; Freshman, Mary E. Ryan, and Ione Hebard; 8th Grade, Barbara Kelly; 7th Grade, Mary E. Fead.

Our Lady's: Senior, Mabel Jarvis; Junior, Francis Wellman; Sophomore, Jean Mara; Freshman, Betty Neinstedt and Ruth O'Connor; 8th Grade, Mary Clancy; 7th Grade, Genevieve Robertshaw.

Social: Senior, Thomas Stringer; Junior, Ben. Filer; Sophomore, Mary Duhig; Freshman, Jane Britz, and Joseph Wellman; 8th Grade, Olive Hayes; 7th Grade, Jean Reincke.

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Publicity: Senior, William Adamson; Junior, Joyce Gerber; Sophomore, Rose Marie Schwab; Freshman, Jack Gerber, and Edward Armstrong; 8th Grade, Edward Spencer; 7th Grade, Patricia Kane.

At the meetings held in the auditorium, routine business is transacted and each committee gives a report of their activities during the month. A program is usually planned including many pep songs.

The first meeting of the S. S. C. was held October 10, 1930. All officers of the sodality were seated on the stage. The meeting was opened with a prayer. A short talk was given by the president, followed by the minutes, read by the secretary of the preceding year. A brief outline of the year's work was then given.

The social committee planned many enjoyable events for the year, among which was a bunco party held in November for the Senior and Junior classes. Later a masquerade was held for the seventh and eighth grades. Following this another bunco party was held for the Sophomore and Freshman classes.

The Catholic Literature group, in the beginning of the year found many places to which they might send their magazines to be used to a good advantage.

A great deal of credit is to be given to the publicity committee, who have succeeded very well in keeping the class interested in the calendar of events which they kept posted on the bulletin board.

A very interesting event of January was the visit paid us by Jean Batendorf and Mary Jane Smith of Marygrove, who gave us a very interesting talk on the activities of the council in various other leading colleges. She also explained the meaning of the national council, held in Chicago.

Many of the students of our High School attended the rally of the S. S. C. held in Detroit, Sunday, February 21st at the Sacred Heart Seminary.

Various contests were held during the year, among them were the Missal essay contest, with prizes going to Marie Bonny and Frank Dunn.

The clean speech essay, sponsored by the Apostolic committee, brought forth much good work. The following were chosen to give their speeches at the public meeting of the S. S. C.: Robert Kelley, Helen Hibye, and Howard Gobeyn.

Our Lady's committee sponsored a scrap book contest for the best work showing a collection of pictures representing phases of Our Lady's life. The prizes were won by Mary Roach, Sophomore; Julian McMonagle, Senior; Rose Marie Schwab, Sophomore; Josephine Woods, Sophomore; Ann Ward, Sophomore and Olive Fish, Freshman.

The Eucharistic Committee sponsored a Medal Contest, and the first room to proclaim itself 100% was awarded a prize. Again the Sophomore class with an enrollment of 60 members, won the prize.

A Miracle Contest, in which a beautiful Mass picture entitled "The Miracle" were sold for the benefit of a Mission at Barat, Michigan, showed the Sophomore Class winners a third time.

The real Mission spirit was infused into the society early in the year by a visit from the Rev. Father Parker, who has been appointed assistant to Monsg. Hunt of the Propagation of the Faith. Father Parker was a frequent visitor at Port Huron and is our enthusiastic Missionary. We are planning to reach the three hundred dollar quota of our school for the great work of the missions.

Then too, when we remember that Rev. John Marx, a Port Huron boy is the only American priest in the real equator district of Africa (he is 14 miles south) we feel that we want to do something to save the people, for whom he is sacrificing his life.

The social committee gave us a little surprise in February, when the entire program was broadcasted from a station BLAH arranged in the room next to the assembly. "The Children's Hour" by Uncle Neal Adamson, musical numbers of Barbara Reinke and the vocal numbers of Wright and Adamson were interspersed with the regular reports.

Mr. Ralph Schanten, Detroit, was the guest speaker.



MEMBERS

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row)—Jack O'Hara, saxophone; Harry Love, saxophone; Joseph Wright, violin; John Addison, cornet; Robert Kelly, violin; William Adamson, violin; Bernard Kessel, violin.
SECOND Row—Patricia Bowen, saxophone; Angela Martel, trombone; John Barry, violin; Joseph Wellman, violin; Betty Patton, violin; Margaret Kuschel, violin.
THIRD Row—Albert Oesterle, clarinet; Dominic Marone, violin; Adlord Bleau, violin; Barbara Reinecke, clarinet; Nelda Noffs, cornet; Noreen Mara, piano; Alyce Heaney, violin; Douglas Norris, violin; Jack Gerber, violin.
BOTTOM Row—Agnes Heaney, 'cello; Donald Mulligan, drums; Margaret Kennedy, bells, Olive Hayes, 'cello.
ABSENT—Margaret Lohrstorfer, violin.

THE ORCHESTRA

The poets say "Music hath Charm." Proof of these words is gradually being realized from the interest shown in musical activities in the modern school.

St. Stephen has from its very foundation encouraged music in ensemble. The charm of her music is steadily growing both in school, social, and business activities.

The orchestra as it is at present has reached a high standard. It now numbers twenty-seven pieces and has specialized in numbers suitable for all occasions. They are invited to play during banquets, suppers, and entertainments where light music is appropriate. They wish to thank the Knights of Columbus, the G. A. R. and also Fr. Martin of Yale for the privilege of entertaining at their business and social activities.

Practice has been held regularly every Tuesday at 3:00 o'clock. But practice has not been held in vain for we are proud of our trophy of the highest honors won by the Orchestra at the St. Clair County Contest held in May, 1930, at Algonac.

It is with the encouragement and confidence of the faculty that these honors were able to be realized. Words cannot express the appreciation and feeling of gratitude the Orchestra has towards the faculty and members of the school and parish.



LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row)—Ted Jones, Thomas LaVigne, James Mason, Thomas Brophy and Albert Oesterle.

SECOND Row—Floyd Bernard, Virgil Benanette, Mary Ryan, Agnes Heaney, Jane Britz and Dorothy Beecherer.

THIRD Row—Marie Bonny, Rose Marie Schwab, Mary Roche, Shirley Sharrow, Jean Chase, Norma Carey and Everine Bezenah.

FRONT Row—Jean Mara, Mary Graziadei, chairman; Clifford DeMars and Francis Graziadei.

DECLAMATION CONTESTS

At eight o'clock January 13, the silver tongued speakers ascended the platform and delivered their selections which proved and showed hours of preparation by every pupil.

All could not share the honor of winning but some few of the contestants would be chosen victors and so after deliberating twenty long minutes the judges announced that Jean Chase and Mary Roche had tied for first place and Albert Oesterle had captured the second honor.

The evening was delighted by both musical and vocal solos ably assisted by St. Stephen's High School orchestra which rendered many loved tunes between the speakers.

The names of the contestants and their selections are as follows:

Marie Bonney, "Laurels for a Mother." James Mason, "The Man Who Wears a Button." Shirley Sharrow, "Back Waters." Jean Chase, "The Honor of the Woods." Edward Jones, "Vive La Marine." Rosamarie Schwab, "The Citizen." Thomas LaVigne, "Woodrow Wilson." Mary Roche, "The Man in the Shadow." Albert Oesterle, "Uncle Sam." Jean Mara, "The Consul."

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The freshman declamation contest was the outcome of the elimination held in December when the ten winners were chosen. First place was awarded Agnes Heaney in the selection "Claudias and Cynthia." Thomas Brophy, who gave "The Gladiator," merited second place. Honorable mention was received by Everine Bezanah who gave Booker T. Washington's well known number, "The New South." The other contestants and their selections were as follows: Norma Carey, "One Niche the Highest," by Elihu Barrett. Francis Graziadei, Henry Waterson's "New Americanism." Jane Britz, "The Lark," by Charles Reade. "The Death of Rodioquez," by Virgil Benanati. Dorothy Becherer, Dr. Frank Crane's essay, "Pay As You Enter." Mary Ryan, "The Soldier's Last Salute," by Porter. Floyd Bernard, "A Eulogy of Lincoln."

It has become an established custom at St. Stephen's to hold each year its annual Freshman and Sophomore declamation contest, but owing to the increased student body it was necessary to hold in November a preliminary elimination to determine who represent the grade.

DEBATING

For the past two years, St. Stephen has not been a member of the Michigan State Debating League. It has rather been the policy of the school to give the opportunity for extensive work rather than intensive work to the greater majority of the High School students. As the classes grew in size, the policy was adopted of holding inter class open forum debating on any subject of literary or historic significance. This plan has been followed and only once this year did the school engage in an outside debate.

On February fourteenth, St. Stephen team met the Port Huron High to debate the question, "Resolved, That Responsibility, Liability Automobile Insurance is Desirable." Helma Smith '32, Donald Mulligan '31, and Joseph Wright '31, represented St. Stephen. By previous arrangement no decision was given. The debate was extremely interesting and gave valuable research.

ROMANCE

*With timid bearing, faltering step
Alert, yet poised for flight
As dawn illumines the eastern sky,
"Miss Day" keeps in at "Night."*

*Then growing bolder, for he sleeps
So deeply; low she bends
And kisses him. Then swiftly, her
Imperial throne ascends.*

*The gods ne'er dreamp't as, gazing
They behold her shining light
This proud and haughty maiden stooped
And kissed the desp'ot, Night.*

HELMA SMITH, '32,

Prize winner at St. Clair Literary Contest, 1930.



LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row)—Donald Mulligan, Fred Kaupp, Julian McMonagle, Donald Gardner, Lauren Relkin.

THIRD Row—Francis Wellman, Navarre Revnew, Bernard Ward, Joseph Wright, George Minnie, Thomas Burns, Benjamin Filer.

SECOND Row—John O'Hara, Robert Kelly, Shirley Rondeau, Francis Graziadei, John Gerber, Daniel Karl, Thomas LaVigne, William Adamson.

FIRST Row—John Varty, Jack Courtney, Howard Courtney, Clifford DeMars, Thomas Brophy, Floyd Bernard, John Steinborn, Vergil Benanati, Joseph Wellman, Wilson Glaab.

GLEE CLUBS

No school activity is considered complete without the presence of the Glee Club.

It is said a fighting nation can sing its way to victory. Thus the boys of St. Stephen's should be great fighters.

The aim of the club is to place within reach of all students, both boys and girls, experience in ensemble work which will add to their appreciation of vocal work and encourage them to develop any special talents manifested.

The students at St. Stephen have always maintained a high standard in excellence in singing but until the formation of the Glee Club, the full talents of the stunkest were not realized. Since then many programs in school activities have been made more complete from a social standpoint by the aid of the club.

The appearance of the Glee Club at the county contest which was held in Algonac, in May, 1930, won commendation and praise.

The boys of the Glee Club sing at eight o'clock Mass once a month, on the Sunday when the girls of the school receive Holy Communion as a body, with the Children of Mary Society. The girls of the club sing the other Sundays at the eight o'clock Mass.

The Glee Club has specialized in numbers suitable for all kinds of entertainment. The program includes:

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LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row)—Marion LaFevre, Shirley Sharrow, Catherine Brady, Catherine Wittliff, Patsy Bowen, Margaret O'Brien, Rita Marx, Elizabeth Steinborn, Mary Sullivan, Catherine Spencer, Mildred Roy, Jean Mugan.

SECOND ROW—Edna Bleau, Margaret Minnie, Jean Chase, Martha Rondeau, Helma Smith, Evelyn O'Rourke, Helen Hibye, Marie Brophy, Madonna Burleigh, Cleta O'Brien, Noreen Mara, Veronica Moore, Mary Duhig.

THIRD ROW—Madeline Karrer, Marie Noel, Alice Cameron, Mary Roche, Bernadine Stanley, Agnes Heaney, Angela Martell, Margaret Kuschel, Margaret Kearns, Marie Maurey, Mary Walton, Catherine Baumann, Agnes O'Rourke, Dorothy Becherer.

FOURTH ROW—Irene Lewandowski, Margaret Kennedy, Mary Graziadei, Agnes Conway, Doris Cote, Mabel Jarvis, Barbara Reniki, Loretta Minor, Margaret Houle, Frances McPhee, Olive Fish, Elizabeth McPhee, Marie Bonny.

FIFTH ROW—Jane Neaton, Josephine Woods, Ann Ward, Rose Schwab, Elizabeth Schwitzkie, Jane Britz, Madaline Kinert, Norma Carey, Dorothy Schwitzkie, Margaret Gorham, Jean Mara, Ruth Leahy.

The Little Dustman, by *Joseph Brahms*.
Laurel Octovo, Carem Carmela, by *H. W. Loomis*.

Kentucky Babe, by *Adam Geibel*.

Stars of the Summer Night, by *I. B. Woodbury*.

Song of the Anvil, by *Richard Kountz*.

May Day Morn, by *David Dick Slater*.

The Shepherdess, by *Ralph Cox*.

The Kingdom of God, by *Herbert*.

The Minstrel show, held April 26 and 27, brought the Glee Club into favor again and the graduation program will give them an opportunity to close the year 1931 in a creditable manner.

DONALD MULLIGAN, '31.



LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row—Janet McEachern, Jane Britz, Ione Hebard, Ruth O'Connor, Olive Hebard, Madeline Kinert, Elizabeth Cary, Agnes Heaney (Pianist).

BOTTOM Row—Jane Stringer, Alice Minnie, Agnes O'Rourek, Rita Marx, Frances McPhee, Everine Bezenah, Dorothy Schwitzke, Kathleen Radey, Norma Carey, Martha Netter (absent).

“ROSE MARY”

The Freshman girls were the first to present any dramatic offering this year. It was well presented February 14 and 15 and very well received. The cast, scenes and interspersed musical numbers follow:

Rosemary	Frances McPhee
Aunt Jenny	Mary J. Stringer
Norah	Janet McEachern
Aunt Elizabeth	Alice Minnie
Grandma Enderly	Agnes O'Rourke
Cousin Sophia	Ruth O'Connor
Topsy	Norma Carey
Juno	Everine Bezenah
Kate	Jane Britz
Cecilia Parkman	Madeline Kinert
Gertrude	Rita Marx
Martha	Olive Hebard
Mary	Ione Hebard
Priscilla	Kathleen Radey
Laura	Martha Netter
Margaret	Elizabeth Carey
Virginia	Dorothy Schwitzke
Lucille	Everine Bezenah



MINSTREL SHOW

LEFT TO RIGHT—Top Row)—Marion LeFevre, Veronica Moore, Mildred Roy, Mary Walton, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Sullivan, Patsy Bowen, Katherine Spencer, Cleta O'Brien, Helma Smith, Margaret Kuschel, Marie Maury, Jean Mugan, Martha Rondeau, Angela Martel, Mabel Jarvis.

SECOND Row—Mary Duhig, Jane Neaton, Jack Britz, Nicholas Bernard, Julian McMonagle, Vincent Wyllie, Howard Frumveller, Bernard Ward, Donald Gardener, Francis Wellman, Robert Kearns, Katherine Bauman, Katherine Wittliff, Norine Mara (Pianist).

BOTTOM Row—Joseph Wright, John Addison, Clare Simpson, Loren Relkin, Ben Filer, Rev. Father Martin, Thomas LaVigne, Francis Cogley, Robert Kelly, William Adamson.

On April 26 and 27, the Senior Class of St. Stephen presented a Minstrel Show. The chorus was composed of Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs. Mr. Benjamin Filer '32, was interlocutor, and William Adamson '31, John Addison '31, Clare Simpson '31, Robert Kelly '31, Joseph Wright '31, Francis Cogley '32, the End Men. Thomas LaVigne '33, and Loren Relkin '34, were ballad singers. Mr. Levy, director of the Shubert Minstrel, encouraged the efforts of the students and will ever be gratefully remembered. Reverend Father Martin of Yale, directed the performance and devoted hours of rehearsal and staging. The program was a real success, and the parents and friends showed themselves the same loyal supporters which has been the inspiration to all St. Stephen activities. The older folks of the audience enjoyed especially the return to some of the old favorite solos of the past decade. The End Men succeeded with such numbers as "Old Man River," "Shine On Harvest Moon," "Give My Regards to Broadway," "You Got Love," and "Dark Town Strutters' Ball." The jokes and little skits interspersed added much to the altogether entertaining evening. It is hoped that the custom of a yearly minstrel will be established at St. Stephen's.

BERNARD NETTER, '32.

THE PORTAL

TO MR. BOWEN

Friend of Athletics and every activity of St. Stephen High

*Who is it that we always call
When we are stranded in the Fall
And need some one to help football?
Bill Bowen.*

*When basketball comes to the front
And suits are due for giants and runts
Who gives the debit side a punt?
Bill Bowen.*

*When fortune smiles and we feel gay
And want to dance the night away,
Who gets the hall and fixes pay?
Bill Bowen.*

TO REVEREND FATHER McCORMICK

*We read about fair weather friends
Who leave you when you're down
And smile when you are flying high,
But when you fall, they frown.
But we've a friend for every day
Who never nags or blames,
Who wants us real white sportsmen,
Even if we lose a game.*

*When suits were needed he was there,
Bright green they were at that;
Said he, "You'll make a flashy sight,
Even though you're playing flat."
He paid the bill without a word
And promised to do more,
To help us win a place on top
And make luck turn the score.*

*The team will greet this loyal friend,
You all know who I mean,
The one who stood for honest plays,
And living good and clean.
We've got him here among our midst,
Just glance around and pick,
Why sure, old top, you guessed it right,
REV. E. J. McCORMICK.*



LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row)— George Minnie, Francis Wellman, William McIntosh (Coach), Navarre Revnew, Kenneth Christner, Lawrence Nelson (Manager), Bernard Kessel.

SECOND ROW—Ralph Keen, Thomas Kearns, Benjamin Filer, James Love, Armon Graham, Joseph Gillet, Edward Platzer, George Bleau.

FIRST ROW—Francis Dunn, Vincent Wyllie, William Innis, Robert Kearns (Capt.), William Nienstedt, Thomas Stringer, Marcus Burleigh, Nelson Debein.

FROM THE SIDELINES

By JOSEPH WRIGHT, '31

At the beginning of the season, the prospects for a winning aggregation were not very good. Our ranks were depleted by graduation and there were many vacancies to fill. Coach McIntosh was successful in drilling a strong defensive team, but our offensive strength was limited. Lack of scoring punch cost us a few close games.

Our first encounter brought us face to face with our natural rival and traditional foe, Holy Name, of Detroit. The Holy Name always finishes near the top of the column in the Michigan Catholic League. Last season they romped through ten games with but two defeats to mar their record. One at the hands of St. Stephen's. The game was closely fought, most of the play, being near midfield. Holy Name never penetrated our 20 yard line. A score by Innis in the third quarter won the game for us, the try for point failed. The "breaks" robbed us of two or more scores.

St. Stephen's	0	0	6	0—6
Holy Name	0	0	0	0—0

Our next game saw Imlay City, a worthy foe, as our opponents. Imlay City is always a "big gun" in the assault of the Tri County League honors. We were "doped" to lose by a large score, but by stopping Hasington, Imlay City Flash, we were able to hold them to one touchdown. This game like the preceding one was an

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exceptionally close fought contest. However, Hasington was able to get away early in the fourth quarter for a ninety yard run and a score. Our superiority was marked, gaining just three first downs to none for Imlay City. It was a hard game to lose after outplaying them in three quarters to have a victory, or at least a scoreless tie, snatched away by one brilliant play, but that is the game of football.

St. Stephen's	0	0	0	0—0
Imlay City	0	0	0	6—6

Once more a game was decided by a one touchdown margin. This time Harry Buckmans warriors took our measure. It was almost a repetition of our first two games, being marked by our sterling defense spirited fight. However, conditions were more favorable for an aquatic meet than a football game. The field had been soaked by a three days' rain and our winning attack was "stopped cold." Burke, a 200 pound St. Frederick scored from the four yard line after a steady march which began after a bad punt to our forty yard line. The splendid drive of Innis and Kearns and the vicious tackling of Stringer and Dunn were noteworthy in this play.

St. Stephen's	0	0	0	0—0
St. Frederick	0	0	6	0—6

The worm turned this time at our expense. Winning from the Mariners had gotten to be a habit but overconfidence took its toll as the score would indicate.

Innes attempted a pass inside the Mariners' 20 yard line which was intercepted by Beatie, a Marine substitute who eluded the secondary defense and scampered for a touchdown. The place kick was missed, but the officials allowed the point after detecting offensive play in our line. This point was their margin of victory. Innes matched this touchdown with a pass to Love who relieved Bleau at right end. Stringer missed the kick and a few plays later the game ended.

St. Stephen's, 0; St. Leo's, 12				
St. Leo's	0	6	0	6—12
St. Stephen's	0	0	0	0—0

St. Leo of Detroit brought a championship squad here for our next game. They were under the tutelage of Nate Goodnow, stellar U. of D. end '26, '27, '28. We were anxious to annex this game since they had administered a close defeat to us the previous year. However, our attack fell before the splendid defense of the "Sailors." The two touchdowns scored were the result of passes by the St. Leo backfield. In this department of the game we were outclassed.

Our line held up admirably in this game and the backfield functioned smoothly. Stringer treated the spectators to a number of thrills by his spectacular open field dashes.

St. Stephen's	0	0	9	6—15
Yale	0	0	0	0—0

So far the season had proven disastrous. However, the squad was showing improvement all the time, the defense was splendid but the attack was weak. Coach McIntosh was drilling his charges in a number of deceptive plays. This move was necessary since in every game our line and backfield had a distinct weight handicap.

If there is one game especially we are always anxious to win it is our annual contest with Yale. Chances for a win this year did not appear very bright. Yale had an exceptionally heavy line and a smooth functioning backfield. Entering the

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game the underdogs, the green and gold, flung caution to the winds and went out to win. This they did with a decisive score. The game was featured by the excellent blocking and tackling of the team as a whole. The team sought to gain a new lease on life in this game and exhibited more drive and fight than seen any time before this season.

Both touchdowns were scored by Innes, Stringer kicked one point, the other two points were the result of a safety by Yale.

St. Stephen's, 0; St. Michael's, 18

St. Stephen's	0	0	0	0—0
St. Michael's	0	12	6	0—18

Our next encounter took us to the stamping ground of St. Michael at Flint. The vehicle always have a strong team. This year was no exception. It was trully an off day for the "Wearers of the Green." Our plays seemed ineffective against so formidable an adversary. Our line was outweighed nearly 15 pounds to a man. The game was rather loosely played and was not an interesting game from a competitive standpoint.

Two touchdowns were scored in the second period and one in the third to contribute to our 18-0 defeat.

St. Stephens, 0; St. Clair, 19

St. Stephen's	0	0	0	0—0
St. Clair	6	0	13	0—19

Whenever St. Clair plays St. Stephen's the stands are packed. Hundreds make the twelve mile trek and spirits run high. The previous season we had been robbed of a victory by a break in the fourth quarter, after outplaying the Saints all the way consequently we were pointing to this fray and entered with confidence. However, the superior team won but not without the gamest fight they had ever experienced.

Our line held up admirably. Most of the Saints plays were overhead. The guards broke through many times to smear St. Clair's passes before they were able to execute them.

We had our forty piece band out in this game and during the half burned an effigy of the visiting team. More enthusiasm and pep was displayed at this game than ever before in the history of St. Stephen's. It was not written that the green should win that day.

St. Stephens, 0; Algonac, 31

St. Stephen's	0	0	0	0—0
Algonac	13	12	6	0—31

Fate decided that we should end our season with what was to cop the State championship. Our hopes for victory were not very high due to the calibre of the opposition. However, we were determined to upset them. The first quarter was all Algonac. The second we made a better stand but were still weak. The third was still and the fourth we held them scoreless. Our squad deserves credit for the game they played against such a team. Our line (hopelessly) outweighed, stopped the Algonac play many times and the backfield gave the visitors many a scare. The score seems large but it represents only five touchdowns. We held them to the lowest score of any Class "C" team exclusive of St. Clair.



LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row)—Vincent Wyllie (Assistant Manager), William McIntosh (Coach), Lawrence Nelson (Manager).

SECOND Row—John Varty, Kenneth Christner, John Addison, Ernest Sterosky, Francis Cogley, Thomas Kearns, Wilson McGill.

FIRST Row—Robert Kearns (standing), Harry Love, George Bleau, Navarre Revnew, Robert Kelly (Capt.), Thomas Burns, Thomas Stringer, John Walton, Francis Wellman (standing).

BASKETBALL

ST. STEPHEN, 33—YALE, 11

Yale High School Gym.

The season opened against Yale, whom we took "into camp" 33-11. The flashy forward play of Kelly, who amassed fifteen points was note worthy. The quintet worked in unison and gave promise of being a strong contender in the County League race.

ST. STEPHEN, 13—ST. CLAIR, 21

Washington Junior High Gym.

This game was marked by the close guarding of both teams and the fouls that always result from such close play were the result of our downfall. St. Clair's eight points of victory were garnered, for the most part, in the last quarter. The game was exceptionally close up until then. The floor work of Kearns and Revnew stood out especially.

ST. STEPHEN, 12—ALGONAC, 21

Algonac High School Gym.

Algonac's height and weight seemed too large a handicap and consequently we were outclassed. Our rally in the last quarter was cut short by the whistle. The game was marked by the "Dead-eye" shots of Steager and Russel, two of Algonac's "Big Guns."

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ST. STEPHEN, 8—PORT HURON, 20

Washington Junior High Gym.

This was a game we did not expect to win. Port Huron had one of the finest, if not the best class A teams in the state. During the season they won consistently from the best schools. The defeat was not nearly as bad as it might have been and our men deserve credit for the fight they displayed against such odds.

ST. STEPHEN, 21—MARINE CITY, 12

Garfield Junior High Gym.

The Mariners had a fine functioning court machine but the "Green and Gold" had them outclassed from the start, and at half time held a fourteen-three lead. The Mariners started a rally in the last quarter that found them far short of the score necessary to win. The second team was inserted in the fourth quarter and performed creditably.

ST. STEPHEN, 13—PORT HURON RESERVES, 6

Washington Junior High Gym.

The "Wearers of the Green" looked every inch a basketball team in this fray and succeeded in a two-fold purpose. First they gained revenge for their earlier defeat in the hands of the first squad, and secondly they broke the reserves record of ten straight wins. Bleau played a great defensive game and the whole team looked like champions.

ST. STEPHEN, 17—ALGONAC, 15

Washington Junior High Gym.

Another precedent! After breaking the Reserves' string of victories, the Saints handed Algonac their first county defeat in two years. Algonac seemed bewildered by the speed and accuracy of our two stellar forwards, Kelly and Revnew, and our guards held the tall Algonac "Ball-Hawks" at bay. Burns at center was a bear on defense. This game was one of the finest ever played in the Washington Gym. and furnished the large crowd with many thrills.

ST. STEPHEN, 23—ST. ANTHONY, 25

Roosevelt Gym

St. Anthony of Detroit, came here holding the leadership of the Michigan Catholic League. They expected an easy win but we differed with them on that point. Our fellows led all the way until the last quarter, when St. Anthony gained a three point lead. A free throw by Bleau put us within two points of a tie or victory. The gun sounded by mistake, with seven minutes to be played. The teams took time out and then lined up. It was a dramatic moment. Burns got the tip off and passed to Revnew, Revnew dribbled a few steps and shot. As the ball neared the hoop the gun sounded, actually ending the game. The ball hit the hoop, rolled around three times and fell out, marking another loss for us.

ST. STEPHEN, 17—ST. FREDRICKS, 22

St. Fredrick Gym.

Our annual tussle with St. Fred's found us once more on the small end of the score. The game was loosely played, the advantage going from one team to the other. A fourth quarter rally gave the Pontiac boys their necessary points. Our men missed many "dog" shots, and this coupled with inconsistent play lost the game for us.

ST. STEPHEN, 23—MARINE CITY, 25

Marine City Gym.

Marine City always manages to "break even" with us in our basketball series. This year was no exception. We lead them for nearly three quarters but lost the

(Continued on page 41)



LEFT TO RIGHT—(Top Row—Howard Frumveller, George Minnie.
SECOND Row—Harold Zimmer, George Bleau, Robert Kearns, Vincent Wyllie
(Manager), Joseph Gillet, Arsmo Graham.
THIRD Row—Francis Wellman, Ralph Keen, James Love, Thomas Stringer, Robert
Kelly, Francis Dunn, Robert O'Brien.

BASEBALL

Due to the early publication of the "Portal" it is impossible to give the results of the current season. However, a strong aggregation is expected because many promising men answered the call for candidates.

Coach McIntosh also handled baseball and showed his real worth by instilling into his men the fundamentals and fine points of the game as well as faultless handling of the ball.

In late years our baseball campaigns have been more successful than our football and basketball attempts. It is expected and hoped that this season will be no exception to the tradition.

Always a strong factor in the County League, we managed to cop the Championship in 1929. Last year we were forced to relinquish the coveted silver trophy, denoting first place, to Yale, taking second place honors and cup ourselves. If "dope" runs true to form, we will be playing the role of either first or second place winners again this year.

As we go to press we have one victory marked up in the score column, a ten to fourteen decision over Marine City. The game was evenly played, a late rally being responsible for our margin of victory.

THE SQUAD

Pitchers: Frumveller, Platzer, Zimmer, O'Brien.

Catchers: Dunn, Keen.

Infield: Bleau, J. Love, Stringer, Kelly, Christner, Kearns.

Outfield: Graham, H. Love, Minnie, Wellman, Netter, Gillet, O'Hara.

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TENNIS

Tennis is rapidly becoming popular as a minor sport at St. Stephen. Due to the bequest by the late John Fead, we have excellent facilities for playing the game. As yet we have had no interscholastic competition but, hold a tournament every spring to determine the singles and doubles Champions of the school.

INTER-CLASS SPORTS

Inter-class sports are encouraged at St. Stephen and all are urged to take part. The men from the Varsity teams devote a little spare time to coach the teams and give them a few "pointers."

In football the championship rested with the Seniors. In basketball no regular schedule was drawn up but many preliminaries were arranged. The inter-class soft ball schedule is not yet complete.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, '31.

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lead near the end of the game. One basket decided the issue in favor of Marine City. The "Men of MacIntosh" worked smoothly but so did Marine City. The spectators were on edge throughout the last quarter, as the lead would pass from one to the other. The Mariners had improved considerably since our first encounter.

ST. STEPHEN, 13—ST. CLAIR, 22

St. Clair Gym.

Anxious to avenge our previous defeat at the hands of the down river lads, we entered the game a little "on edge." An early lead by St. Clair, which they maintained throughout the encounter, seemed to be the deciding factor. The game was close and hard, as is always the case when the battle of the "Saints" is waged. St. Clair's fast breaking offense was noteworthy.

ST. STEPHEN—YALE

The second Yale fracas was postponed, due to inability to secure a gym. The game was later cancelled by mutual agreement of the two officials.

This ended our County League Competition. We had won four and lost four in the League. The season was a successful one, although our efforts were not always blessed with victory.

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

St. Clair High School Gym.

ST. STEPHEN, 32—MARINE CITY, 11

We drew Marine City for the opener and gained more revenge for our one-basket set back at their hands. The issue was never in doubt and Marine City failed to penetrate our first team defense. With the advent, in the game, of our seconds, however they began to score.

ST. STEPHEN, 17—ST. CLAIR, 18

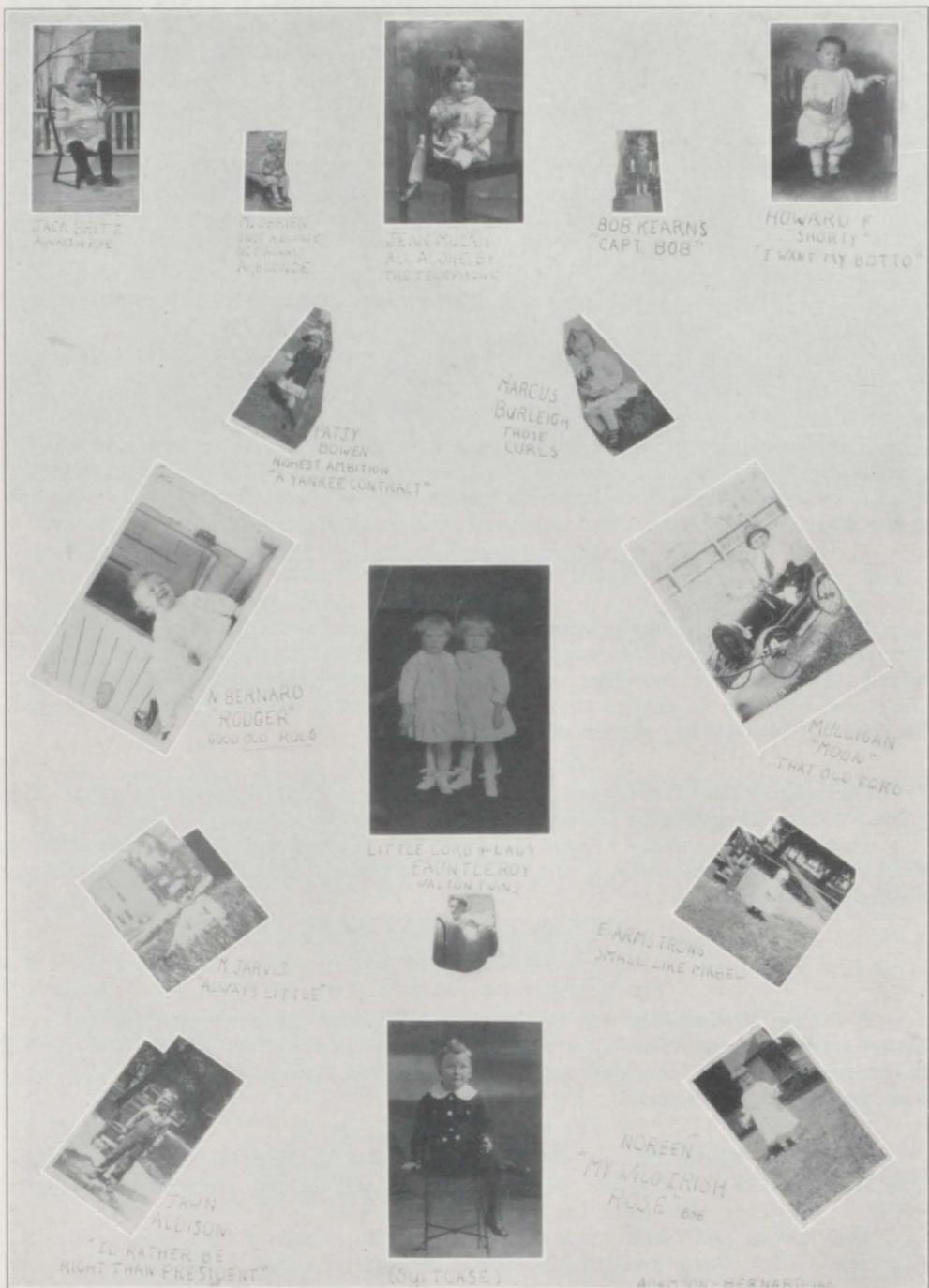
By beating Marine City we were entitled to meet St. Clair for the championship. The Saints had beaten Algonac the night previous and did not expect much difficulty with us. However, they were due for a surprise.

The "Green and Gold" sunk two field goals to assume a four point lead. St. Clair made a free throw and a field goal and the quarter ended in our favor 4-3.

During the next quarter the play was extremely close and by virtue of a number of free throws, St. Clair was able to acquire an 8-5 lead on us. During this quarter a whistle was blown from the sidelines just as St. Clair received possession of the ball. Our fellows stopped and St. Clair then made a basket unmolested.

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“ALUMNI”

Each year as June rolls around,
A number of ships are launched upon
The sea of life.
They encounter rough winds,
But most of them survive,
And stand a willing, ever ready active fleet,
The Alumni.

A school is not judged by its students in attendance, but what those students, as graduates accomplish in the world.

St. Stephen's is proud of its Alumni. This organized body has a large number of native members who meet the first Wednesday of each month, to plan various activities for the benefit of the School fund, and incidentally entertain themselves.

Officers of 1930 and 1931 are: President, Carl McMonagle; Treasurer, Janice O'Rourke; Secretary, Christina Charron.

Under their supervision, the Alumni have enjoyed a happy and successful year. Social functions sponsored in the past year by the Alumni were a dance at K. of C. Hall, arranged by Eileen Heaney. The annual Thanksgiving dance was held in 1929, at the Armory, and in 1930, at the Elks' Temple. Sleighrides during the seasons of 1930 and 1931 were occasions of renewing the old intimacies.

They are represented in every activity for the benefit of the school, and show their loyalty by attendance at school functions, at contests, plays, and debates.

Always loyal, when Father McCormick requested members for the new men's choir under the care of Mr. George MacComb, the old time singers responded. Among them are: Leslie Bodley, James O'Hara, George Smith, William Kennedy, Anthony Devereaux, Albert Armstrong, James Kane, and Carl McMonagle.

It has been the custom to maintain a house in Detroit for any students attending school there. Those attending the University of Detroit at present are: Harold Benennati, Delmar Kernohan, Max Bernard, Cary Troy, Norbert Landon, and Bernard Noffs. Besides those located in Detroit school, attending the U. of M. are: Leola Marx and Carl McMonagle. Graduating from Notre Dame this year are: Morris Leahy and Katherine Karrer of 1927. Charles Wright is a Freshman at Notre Dame and a member of the U Band. While Mary Canham, 1928, is a student of Marygrove College. Going over the list we find Lawrence Gillet, at Marquette, and Jerry White, at Kalamazoo.

By the foregoing list, you can see how thoroughly St. Stephen graduates believe in higher education.

At Junior College are several of the younger Alumnus: Alma Nicol, Jean Mary Smith, Virginia Cox, Isabell McGill, Gladys Kelly, Rowena Burns, Catherine Callaghan, James O'Hara, George Smith, Josephine Whybrew, and Cecil Wright.

The graduates are represented in many walks of life. Some aspire to be nurses. They are: Eleanor Easton, Johanna O'Meara, Josephine Cox, Adelaid Carey, Grace O'Rourke, Dorothy McMonagle, Camilla Currie, Lillian Zimmer, Edna Waite, and Marie Charron, a nurse, and now a postulant in the religious order of the Sisters of Charity, at Cincinnati.

We are proud to say that St. Stephen graduates are well represented in Religious life. Sister Ann Frances (Leota Bodley), Sister Almeda (Alma Bleau), Sister Regina Frances (Josephine Schaller), Sister Marie Collette (Gertrude Brown), Sister Marie David (Irene Moore), Sister Ann Cecilia (Anne Thwaits), Sister Irma Joseph (Claire Burke), Sister Leona (Kate Duffy), are Sisters of the I. H. M., and Mary Neaton, a postulate in the same order.

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The teaching profession has attracted many of the Alumni, in the schools of Port Huron, as are Julia Phillips, Helen Butler Sequin, Catherine Meehan, Rosaria Benennati, Madeline Wolfstyn, Florence Gleason, Catherine Kelly, Maureen Moss, Kern, while Beatrice Netter, Sabina Brady, Margaret Miller and Eunice McCormick are in the rural schools.

Business life has attracted many of our successful graduates. Marion Mallon, Phyllis Buckeridge, and Rita Dawson are at Mueller's. Marion McCarty, Henry Charron, Vincent Graziadei are at the Grand Trunk. Jean Adamson, Christina Charron, at First National Bank. Margaret Jones, Lucretia McIntosh, Madeline Trese, Marie Corry, Aileen Wellman, Eleanor Kelly, Madeline Gleason, Katherine Hayes, Janice O'Rourke, Margaret Walton, Catherine O'Connor are at the Woman's Benefit Association.

The Alumni banquet is always an enjoyable affair, and this year the class of 1931, with its forty-two members to the association, hopes to maintain the same loyal spirit that has been an outstanding characteristic of the past.

NOREEN MARA, '31.

Word from the "old grads" is always welcome; a letter from Rev. Leo These, M. A., follows:

SALUTO VOS, AMICI

"I take the book and gather to the fire, turning old yellow leaves."—MASEFIELD.

After a lapse of six years, so I am told, the student body of St. Stephen's High School is to resume the publication of a Yearbook,—that annual account of scholastic persons and events so dear to the heart of every actual and potential graduate. Most gratefully do I accept the invitation to offer a word of greeting on the occasion of this renaissance.

Not yet have I begun the sorrowful task of plucking gray hairs from a thinning crown, nor am I incapable of fulfilling my allotted duties without benefit of cane or crutch. Nevertheless, when it comes to putting down in cold type the words, "fourteen years ago," I hesitate. Conscience, however, cries remorselessly, "Soldier, to your task!" and so I must needs proceed. Yes, two weeks of years have been locked within the portals of the past since a few of us, confident in our ignorance, presented the first ACADEMECIAN to an indulgent world. Scarcely more than a pamphlet it was, and amateurish in conception; but even now it has a mighty power of invoking roseate memories, out of all proportion to its seeming size and worth.

That, surely, constitutes the true value of a student Annual. The practical experience that may be gained by those who participate in the editing and financing of the book, is of course, one argument in its favor. The utility of such a publication as a year-to-year record of growth and achievement, is another consideration that must recommend it. But, wholly prescinding from these utilitarian motives, the one real purpose which such a book fulfills, and the one end which alone justifies its being, is this: it is an inexhaustible storehouse of happy images and recollections, which, with the advancing year, can be conjured up at will by the mere turning of its pages.

To the editorial staff, then, my heartiest congratulations; the proposed revival is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. To the Reverend Pastor and Reverend Sisters under whose aegis the work is to be launched, my respectful salutations. And to my fellow Alumni, wherever they may be, and in whatever stage of decrepitude or senile decay, Greetings! from one who, like themselves, winces whenever the adjective "old" is linked with the common noun "grad."

LEO J. TRESE, '19.

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Mrs. Margaret Fead, gave the following interview to Noreen Mara, the staff reporter:

Dear Class of 1931.

Your class reporter called on me for an interview, and since I am not world famous enough to have any previous experience, I could not glibly start as Eddie Guest or Louie Weil would have done, but I resorted to the old trick of asking the interviewer questions instead.

"What would you like me to talk about, or what phase of my High School life would you care to have me accent?"

"Any phase you choose," she agreeably answered. "We wish to hear a graduate who has not chosen a business career, express herself on the value of her High School years as training for life."

It sounded very simple yet I knew it could easily ramble through pages, enumerating all the ways the principles of my early training had helped me decide for the best, so I asked for time in which to consider and confine myself to the required few hundred words.

I know by my daily experience of helping my children with their class assignments that I have forgotten except in a very general and vague way most of what I had learned in books. It is the principles, I imbibed that stay with me, and color my point of view. It is the little decisions of teachers whom I loved and respected as a child and now revere in my mature years, as I appreciate their worth. Little lessons of sincerity and service that make me look beneath the surface and find true worth often under a rather unlovely exterior. I think it taught me to be satisfied with the simple things of life, and not restless for the showy acts which attract the passing attention of the multitude. This principle makes me glad that I graduated before the days of large classes, when the intimacies formed among classmates really were formed for life. Do not mistake me, I attend every school function given at St. Stephen, and am proud of our handsome school, its large classes and its splendid present-day achievement. Yet I would like to make one appeal to the present-day graduates. Do not feel that there is no possibilities worthy of you in our own little town. My former teachers and I am sure your teachers have tried to have you see, that success in the true sense of the word does not consist in doing what no one has ever attempted before, but in doing better than others what every one is trying to do well. It may be your lot, like mine to spend your days in the same place fulfilling the homely duties, that comes to homemaking. Yet these can be lovely and gratifying if measured by the true standard expounded in every Catholic High School. Be as ambitious as you like, but learn to be satisfied when you realize that you are not called for spectacular service. We need good "average people" in this day of specialization, and remember that Christ and His Mother were voted just average people by their neighbors in Nazareth. I did not mean to preach, when you gave me a chance to speak my views, but just want each of the Class of '31 to know that I shall follow with interest the careers of most of them, whom I have watched through the years, and look forward to greet them often, among the Alumni.

Cordially yours,

MARGARET FEAD.

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The Class of 1931 adds considerably to the growing family ties in the Alumni, Veronica Easton heads the list, with her record of being the seventh member of her family to join the Alumni.

Beginning with the A's, Wm. Adamson is the third member of his family, John Addison the second of his, and Katherine Bauman the third member of her family to graduate from here. Nick Bernard is fourth of the Bernards; George Bleau, the second of his family; Howard Frumveller, second of his family; Alyce Heaney, second of hers; Mabel Jarvis, second; Robert Kelly, second; Margaret O'Brien, fourth of her family; Clare Simpson, second; Walton twins, the sixth; Vincent Wyllie, second, and Harold Zimmer, second members of each of their families respectively. We can easily see how with Veronica Easton, seventh score and Walton twins, sixth, and the number of third and second members, that Old St. Stephen spirit predominates, and the traditions hold.

A TRAGEDY

*Flitting away from blossom to blossom
Dipping your ladle in liquid of gold,
Robbing each heart of its life-giving pollen.
Stopping so quickly as wee eyes behold
Pussy advancing, tail elevated,
Whiskers aquiver, each white paw held high,
Slowly but surely, on she comes creeping,
Destined to dine on a wee butterfly.
Trying to fly but in hopeless endeavors,
Seeking to flee from the horrible cat,
Two glowing eyeballs, a shock as of needles,
Soon all is ended, and there on the mat
Puss is retiring, curled up in a bunch,
Feeling contented, after her lunch.*

HELMER SMITH, '32.

(Continued from page 41)

Capt. Kelly took time out and Coach MacIntosh explained our position to the officials. It was agreed to protest the game to the state officials in case the game ended in a tie or St. Clair won by a margin of one or two points.

The next half was some real basketball. "Ernie" Sterosky, who alternated with Burns at center, proved his mettle. Our defense was so close that St. Clair was unable to sink a field goal. Their points coming from free tosses. With about two minutes to play Burns was injured. During the time out, McGill was substituted. With the resumption of play "Dutch" sunk a long tom to put us into a tie, 17-17, as the game ended.

The game was protested but the state ruling left the decision as it was, St. Clair winning by a margin of one point, by the state tournament ruling, or free throws, least personal fouls and most field goals, by a rating of 7 for them and five for us. Thus our season ended.

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PREFACE—HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1931

All rights reserved, Preface written by Prof. Muzzy of Columbia University, N. Y.

Preface:—

In acknowledgement of the splendid use made of my humble volume of "American History" I am happy and grateful to have the opportunity of writing a word of approval on the most interesting volume you have sent me for my perusal.

Long have I felt the need of a history of progress; and sorely have I felt the need of one teeming with the individuality of life that is on every page. I shall be happy to send your school a free service of prepared examination questions, which may be given the pupils one week before the quarterly tests. This I freely do in compensation for the services rendered the cause of history. I shall await with keen anticipation and interest the sequel to this unique piece of work.

Assuring you of the sincerity of my good wishes, I am

Yours cordially,

ORVILLE MUZZY,

Columbia University.

CLASS HISTORY '31

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

In September of the year Nineteen-nineteen an assemblage of beruffled girls and short trousered boys were found entering the portals of St. Stephen as first graders. At least a half hour later the Walton twins arrived, hand in hand to add their enrollment to this honorable class. The social life began immediately, when the Misses Patsy Bowen, Elizabeth Armstrong, Noreen Mara and Gertrude Young were introduced.

Even at this early stage of life birthday parties were considered quite the vogue and all the girls especially, remember the one Robert Kelly had, to which he invited a few extra of the fairer sex just to be sure he had a partner or perhaps better, two of them. This year passed successfully as it was sure to do, and the following grades to the fourth were busy ones. This year we received a new member, arriving with his mother at promptly 8:30 (he never comes before this hour even now) Donald Mulligan, looking as if he were advertising what the well dressed school child should wear, made his appearance, however as he soon displayed his musical ability, which has made him famous, he was permitted to remain in the class of '31. Soon after our arrival seats were assigned and this usually consumed a great deal of time because of the fact that both John Addison and Robert Kelly insisted on maintaining the front seat near the teacher's desk. Lessons and classes were called and dismissed in the daily routine. One memorable day a few of the class beheld a sorry spectacle. Nick Bernard was desperately trying to get a drink from the outside fountain and each time he bent over the water seemed possessed to spurt up in his face. Nick thought it was great fun. "It was just like going under water when you're swimming" he said. But it turned out not to be such a joke when he got his eyes and nose full and stood there sputtering with none of the class knowing in their excitement what to do. Finally the Sister came to the rescue but the damage had been done. Lo and behold! all the starch had disappeared from Nicholas's blouse and to this day, the curls have never returned to his hair. The rest of the year passed successfully and all the class were promoted in June.

Three months later on returning for a new semester, we found that one of our members, Martha Rondeau had preferred the charms of the simple country to the rush in the city, and had enlisted to the fold of the school. Several things of im-

portance happened this year but by far the most exciting was the hot-dog sale which we were permitted to have, and to show what an extraordinary feature it was, even Elizabeth Armstrong and Noreen Mara were gracefully applying mustard to the rolls. Another item of interest was the play given in which several of our class participated. Catherine Bauman was a rose and becoming to her dark complexion, Mabel Jarvis, a daisy, a wild one, of course, but nevertheless a daisy in all its simplicity, Elizabeth Armstrong, a pansy and small just like one; Noreen, an apple blossom and with her charming dignity made a nideal one; Margaret O'Brien, a tulip, and topped with the bright red of Margaret's head there was a complete picture; Gertrude Young finished the scene a pretty daffodil, which was a good selection for one as gay and happy as she. Also during that semester there was a heated contest for attending Mass and at the end of the month prizes were given. Bob Kelly won the first one, a beautiful rosary. Just fancy Bob winning an award for such a religious undertaking as this. In the following year when we returned as sixth-graders we found that all the class had returned and to prove that all the members had a glorious vacation, Donald Gardner had a path of freckles across his nose in spite of all his applications of lemon creams. Lessons and the daily routine continued until October when the ladies of parish decided to have a bazaar in the stucco building. It was in this feature that one of our members gained prominence, Joseph Walton, the mechanic of the class of "31" was called upon to prepare and arrange booths and trimmings which could not be expected of the ladies. This part Joe played successfully. Our girls also took part in the affair, in assuming charge of the Duck Booth which was attractive and totaled a large sum of money. Following this, outside activities were hushed, and more attention was given to studies. However, one day an amusing incident happened.

Vincent Wylie still disposed to childish pranks, came to school with his right hand bandaged, even half his arm. "A horrible cut," he explained to his inquiring friends. Later in the afternoon he was permitted to go home, because of the pain in the hand.

At the church corner, unwise Vincent roughly tore off all signs of bandages and both hands were set free to clap at his great fortune of getting out of school so easily. A few blocks down steadfast friends were waiting and counting the minutes till the merry chaps could set out for the afternoon matinee. The end of the picture arrived in due time but Vincent saw more pictures all the way home because on coming out of the theatre, he met our Principal and an accompanying Sister. What a blow that was to be utterly caught in the trap but the next day it was still worse and as the shades of eventide were falling the next p. m. found Vincent laboring over problems of arithmetic.

The rest of the class took heed and at least were not caught if they did decide to skip school.

Everyone knows how Jack Britz can sit and dream away the hours. Well, maybe they don't know more than half of it. One afternoon at the usual scheming time, he sat with his eyes dazedly fixed on the stucco building which served as a high school at the time, all of a sudden amidst all the quietness and entirely unaware of the studying class, Jack exclaimed "I wonder if I'll ever get there?" Instantly and with a start he recognized his mistake and a beautiful flush mounted his face as Sister answered, "I doubt it, Jack, if you keep on at this rate." Since then our dreamer has confined his precious hours of scheming till night time, but the subject has changed. No longer does he think of high school but a more interesting topic—girls.

Again June arrived and again classes were freed for the summer, even Harry Love and Lawrence Nelson could hardly wait to take a dive off the bridge into the canal in spite of bloodsuckers and other water pests. Another vacation passed and

THE PORTAL

the following September returning as seventh graders found the old class again in their places preparing for their entrance into the new school the next year. A few days after lessons had begun Father McCormick spied Howard Gobeyn and Charles Moser playing shooters in the mortar box, intended for the brick-laying of the new building. Father sent them in school and Howard was very humble and hurried away but Charles was determined to at least get the shooters and went straggling away saying that "His father's coal was better than that sloppy mud anyhow!" No sooner was this escapade over, than Donald Mulligan's lunch was found to be missing one noon and could not be located. All the girls proved most generous and Noreen Mara insisted as well as Mary Walton that he go home with them, he was a good-looking chap, you know, but Donald ungraciously refused and in the end Lawrence Nelson admitted that he had ravenously eaten it, because his mother was tired that morning and he couldn't cook the oatmeal mush, so Donald was invited as a luncheon guest to the Nelson residence. The remainder of the year passed successfully and June found a large group of eighth-graders ready to be transported to the new school the following semester.

The long waited for September arrived when the classes could march through the corridors of our beloved new school and how we gazed around was shown by the fact that since that time Lawrence Nelson and Dorothy Genaw both wear glasses. The activities of the year began with the Minstrel Show by the Children of Mary. The class of "31" also added their bit. Mary Walton playing the part of bat, Noreen Mara and Anna Maes were among the hula dancers, an exhibition themselves in them grass skirts, Elizabeth Armstrong and Mabel Jarvis among the hula singers entertaining the audience with their pronounced ability, and Gertrude Young a member of the Ukelele girls. The performance called the Spooks Carnival was opened to the public for two evenings entertainment, the proceeds of \$375.00 which was used to liquidate the debt of the new school. After this undertaking the activities were few. However, on the feast of the Holy Rosary a beautiful new statue of Our Lady of Grace was donated by Mr. Frank Mallon and a fitting program followed. In June a mock Class Day was held, the motto of the class being "Be square and be wise," songs and speeches were given while each was presented with a diploma. Charles Moser gave his usual line of jokes thus livening up the party which was closed by a Class Song.

Again the class separated for a summer's vacation and again they returned a few months later with the inevitable look of Freshmen and were looked on as such, merely a huge group of boisterous acquirers of knowledge. However, we were prominent enough to have a Declamation Contest and Jack Britz, Mary Walton, Jean Mugan, Robert Kelly and Catherine Bauman enlisted. Following this activity came Father McCormick's feast day and all the school presented themselves at Communion at the eight o'clock Mass. Mostly for Father's intentions, of course, but realizing that it would be impossible to have school without breakfasting first. Surely enough after the program we were permitted to have the rest of the day to ourselves. The rest of the year passed quite uneventfully and when June again rolled around and the final tests had been dismissed, the class parted for a glorious vacation till they should return as Sophomores in September. During the very early days of that month an exceedingly tall youth was noticed roaming around the premises of the school, gazing in the windows and it was not long after that rumor spread around that he was to be a member of the Class of Thirty-one. True enough the boy proved to be Howard Frumveller, a member of St. Joseph's and a host of his classmates who were to enter St. Stephen a few weeks later. Margaret Kuschel, the famous Latin scholar, Thomas Stringer, the sheriff's son, Mary Sullivan at whom we wondered that one small head could carry all she knew, and Robert Kearns the youth of labor in an age of ease. Also last, but by far not to be slighted was Marie Maury from Abbotsford at whom all the boys made a sudden rush and even neglected the St. Stephen girls for a few months. During this semester the high school took part

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in a County Contest which was held in our own auditorium. First prizes were won in Boys' Glee Club, short story, editorial and poem, and second prizes in five events. Then again June fund a ready crowd who preferred the swimming hole to a desk in school and locked the doors until they should return as Juniors. On retracing our steps to the familiar corridors, we found a few new faces who were to help make the year a banner one. An important task soon confronted us, that of electing class officers. Robert Kelly was again unanimously chosen to carry the responsibility of presidency, Catherine Bauman, vice-president. Dorothy Keegan, a new member, as secretary and Mary Walton, treasurer. With these capable students as leaders, our Junior year promised to be an outstanding one. Among the prominent events of the year and those most easily recalled are the winning of the District Championship in Basketball and the cup for Baseball at Tashmoo Park. The dance given the Senior class in November at the K. of C. hall which proved a success although the Juniors outnumbered their guests. The County Contest held in Algonac, for which we received first prize in orchestra, dramatic reading, poem, short story and saxophone solo, and second place in piano selection and vocal solo. But by far the most interesting feature was the banquet for the Seniors and Juniors at the Country Club. All the girls were most beautiful in carefully chosen clothes and the boys looked exceptionally handsome. Father McCormick and a visiting priest favored us with brief talks and members of both classes gave toasts and other entertaining numbers.

September of the year 1930 arrived all too soon, and once again the Senior Room was filled with a vivacious group of Seniors. During the first few weeks we became acquainted with our new Mother Superior and elected for the last time class officers. Again the choice of the class leaders that has been ours throughout the grades and high school, Robert Kelly for president; Thomas Stringer, vice-president; Jack Britz, secretary and Harry Love, treasurer. Not long after this election we established the Student Spiritual Council in the school.

In early December, the rings of the Class of 1931 arrived and a fitting program took place in the auditorium followed by the blessing of the rings and Benediction in Church. In February the Juniors entertained the Seniors at a dance at which even the Muse Terpsichon might envy. In April some of the High School represented the S. S. C. body in Detroit at the Cathedral Central High School and a May Day festival was discussed preceded by a Thirty Day Prayer for the benefit of which were sent on to the Holy Father. On April 24, the first baseball game of the season took place with Marine City which resulted in a score to our favor and few days later a minstrel show was given by the Junior and Senior classes which proved a great success due to the training and ability of the mixed chorus composed of Junior and Senior Glee Club members.

We anticipate the usual week of festivities just preceding graduation, and as the time of departure draws near, we wistfully review our last year in school.

They say history repeats itself, but we of the class of "31," doubt it.

MABEL JARVIS,
ROBERT KEARNS,
GEORGE BLEAU.

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PROPHECY

TIME—June 14th, 1941.

SCENE—One of our Northern Swamps.

The rain was beating down upon the two plodding figures with a driving force. Night was falling and the dismal twilight of the great northern swamp was clutching them in its clammy grasp. At each step the oozing fog enveloped their ankles, clinging to them as though loathe to give them up. Their steps lagged and as they advanced, they glanced furtively around them into that black and ever-thickening blackness. Suddenly the smaller of the two stopped and with a weary gesture of despair said: "I suppose we will have to spend further, we would get hopelessly lost in this darkness." "Yes," replied the other, "I suppose we will have to spend the night in this God-forsaken place. There is a clump of spruce over on that ridge. We can build a fire and keep warm, anyway." They plunged forward with renewed vigor and in ten minutes (and so many efforts) they had started a fire. They sat down on the damp ground and with their backs to a tree, they ate their evening meal, that is, they shared the crushed, soggy, mis-shapen mass that had been a sandwich. Their meal over, one of them said: "This situation is certainly different than it was ten years ago tonight." They fell into an unbroken silence and as they looked into the leaping flames they thought of their graduation just ten years previous. There crept over them a feeling of langor, a coma that was akin to unconsciousness. The dancing flames seemed to take form, become plainer, until they stood like a cuneo. The figure was arrayed in flowing robes, a Chinese mandarin, but behind the long thin drooping mustache were the unmistakeable features of William Adamson.

The scene shifted. A figure in track uniform was running swiftly toward the tape. He was greeted by enthusiastic crowds. George Bleau, winner of the 440 yard dash representing America in the Olympics in London.

Another figure. This one seemed to be in a dark room from which all light is excluded. He seems to be swinging something, a pick. Ah, it is Joseph Walton, laboring in the copper mines of Michigan. Well, he always was a hard worker.

Another change. Assembled together around a table were a small group listening to radio returns. Their faces became plainer and they were recognized as: John Addison, Nicholas Bernard, Robert Kearns, and Navarre Revnew, and they are learning the success of their friend and classmate, Senator P. C. Burns. We are really quite proud of Peter, but not more so than is his devoted wife. You probably remember her. She was formerly Miss Mary Sullivan.

Again the scene shifts. The bodies of the two slumberers twitched with a boyish excitement, as in their mind's ear, or was it imagination, they heard the shrill of the Calliope and the roar of lions. The big top. A familiar voice pierced their ears. Why Jack Britz, of course. What was he doing there? He was carrying a small tray on which were three little shells and a pea. But someone was calling their attention to a large tent. On a poster was the picture of one of the girls in an acrobatic pose. Why it was Alyce Heaney of all girls.

What's this! Corridors! Why it's our Alma Mater. There is Lawrence Nelson, now the janitor. He just couldn't stand the thought of leaving the place. Margaret Kuschel, his wife, is now keeping house for Father Love, the Pastor of St. Stephen parish.

Again the scene shifts. This time it is a large building. A sign on the front, "Old Ladies' Home." In front of the building is a familiar figure, Pat Bowen. What a surprise to find her here. But wait, she wears a badge. Oh! that explains it. She is the matron of the home, and according to her left hand she is still single.

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A crooning voice soothingly caressed their ears, easing their troubled dreaming. An angelic countenance met their eyes leaning close toward the delicate microphone, sweetly warbling to the countless thousands who listened in breathless ecstasy.

Robert Kelly, our former class president, still captivating the innocent hearts of the fairer sex. But his mind is not with them. He is thinking of two little twin cherubs with laughing blue eyes and flaming red hair. They together with his devoted wife, the former Margarette O'Brien, are anxiously awaiting his return home.

Again music reaches their ears, and they see the form of Joseph Wright in the distance. But it is not the sweet, clear tone of the violin that they hear. As Joseph's figure becomes plainer they find to their surprise that he is responsible for the blatant raspy sound of that traditional fish horn. Poor Joseph, laboriously pushing his cart along the street earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. But I suppose one of his humble mien would not feel the ignomin of his work nearly so much as would his wife, the haughty Martha Rondeau.

A semi-dark room filled with a scintilating blushing light. Oh! our old friend Marcus Burleigh. No, this is not the projection room of the Fox Theatre, Marcus is laboring in a foundry now. The work is hard, but each evening he is compensated and comforted by the soft words of his loving wife, Claire. They are very happy with two little Marks.

Again they see a school room, and a smiling sister is teaching a high school class. She is the former Mary Walton, and she looks well satisfied with her position in life.

Well, it would seem strange indeed if there wasn't at least one farmer in the class. There was Donald Mulligan making hay while the sun shines. No, he is not living north of Port Huron, strange to say, he is in Abbotsford, happily married and settled down with Marie Maury, another old classmate.

The two figures chuckle as they see a figure seated in front of a store with an armful of pencils. It seems that Vincent Wyllie has broken his arm playing Ping-pong and he must make a living.

A large room met the eyes of the sleepers and they twitched uneasily as they saw it was a courtroom. But they had no need for fear, for upon the bench in all his old glory sat Judge Gardner. "Ninety Days," said Donald, and the inebriate burst into tears.

Bright footlights and warm music and two figures tripped lightly upon the stage. Anna Maes and Jean Mugan were performing intricate dance steps under the glaring spotlight.

And still another class room. The class of thirty-one seems to be very generous in passing on their knowledge to the younger generation. And there stands our old friend Cleta O'Brien, Professor of Physics at the University of Michigan. It is very fitting, for she, if anyone, should know something of weights and measures.

They see a genial face peering at them through iron bars. The shock was great when they recognized Howard Gobeyn. But, do not take it is seriously, Howard is not in jail, he is a cashier in one of our local banks. He seems quite happy and quite well he should. His wife, once Elizabeth Armstrong, has just returned from the country. She was visiting.

The next scene showed Robert Ryan at our National Capital. President Sterosky is pinning a medal on his manly chest. Robert has won renown as an inventor. He has always been promising and now he reflects glory to St. Stephen High for his service to mankind. He invented a device with which one may get rid of his old razor blades.

Another scene shows this Tom Stringer. Just a chip off the old block. Tom is dabbling in politics. He is running for the mayorship of Marysville, and it wouldn't surprise us a bit if he should get it. He also is happily married to Veronica Easton,

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and she certainly is a devoted wife.

Again the scenes shifted and to their startled sense appeared two figures in white who were walking down the street. Catherine Baumann and Noreen Mara are nurses in our local hospital.

An ember snapped, and the two figures jerked into wakefulness. Stretching their aching bodies they reflected upon their strange dreams. "Well, Howard," said one, "let's be going. It's four o'clock and for one I have spent enough time in this place." And as he returned his watch to his pocket, an owl hooted in a nearby tree. Perhaps he saw the engraving on the back of the watch. It was C. Moser.

Moral—Refrain from calculating the number of juvenile poultry before the process of incubation has been completed, or

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

CLARE SIMPSON,
MARY SULLIVAN.

IF

With Apologies to Kipling

*If you can concentrate when all about you
Are throwing books and aiming them at you.
If you can study when all the rest are joking
And make allowance for their shouting, too.
If you can work and not be tired by working,
Or being pushed around, don't lose your head.
Then you'll get there, but you will sure be lonesome,
And what is more you'll graduate my lad.*

CLAIRE McCORMICK.

Apologies to Goldsmith

*Ill fares our cards to hastening E's a prey
Where "D's" accumulate an "A's" decay.
Science and math from our minds did fade
An "A" might make it, but a "D" hath made.
Still a bright senior class, a high school pride
Let graduate, can never be supplied.*

CLAIRE McCORMICK.

CLASS WILL

We, the greatest class in numbers, wit and wisdom, to ever pass from the portals of old St. Stephen, being of sane mind, hereby devise this last will and testament. Before mentioning minor bequests, we wish to bequeath our deepest reverence and affection to our worthy Pastor and Friend, Father McCormick, and his very able assistant, Father Walsh. We wish also to bequeath to the kind Sisters our most sincere appreciation for the work done with us and the many kindnesses shown to us.

We hereby do give and bequeath, to our successors, the class of thirty-two, any surplus knowledge accumulated in the regular routine of studies, also our attendance record in church and at school and hope that they may profit by it and be as fine example to their minors as we have been to them.

The Senior girls would like to bequeath to the Junior girls, their questionable beauty and English wit. The Senior boys, not to be outdone, are leaving to their friends, the Junior lads, their ability to play "Catch the library brick."

Miss Martha Rondeau leaves to Armson Graham her "Quips, cranks and wanton wiles" also her views on the Darwinian theory.

Charlie Moser, "the clock watcher" with the hawk eye, leaves his number twelves and his position of greatest responsibility, that of "Pilot of the Ark" to Francis Wellman.

Alyce Heaney, now ending her frivolous days, regretfully gives up one-half interest in Harry Love to any girl in the Junior class, willing to shoulder the cross. As an added inducement she will throw in the clutch on the Wills Ste. Claire.

Margaret "Peg" O'Brien leaves her roller skates, strawberry dye and uniform to Eleanor Tynan.

William "Whoopee" Adamson gives his soup strainer to Ralph Keen and his serious expression and habit of brushing the floor with his foot to Mister Andrew Roy.

Our most worthy President, Mr. Robert Kelly, leaves his "rose petal" cheeks, his magnetic sex appeal and nicknames to his understudy, Louis Praht.

John J. Britz bequeaths his brass watch, $\frac{1}{4}$ carat chain, fake diamond stick pin, moustache cup, cue at Fenner's and supply of gold bricks to Tom Burns, providing that Tom brushes up on the old Army Game, before next semester. He also relinquishes his corner on Oklahoma oil leases to John D. Rockefeller.

Our philosopher and Spanish "Athleet," who throws the bull, Howard Frumveller, would like to leave his vertical stature, cotton socks, job at Tenth and Union, and Wild West stories to William Neinstedt, with the advice, "Don't take any wooden nickels."

Joe Wright bequeaths his diploma to Albert Einstein, his collection of Orations to Clarence Darrow and his lovely tenor voice to Rudy Vallee with the understanding that Rudy procure himself a rain coat to keep him from over ripe tomatoes in the future.

Noreen Mara leaves her badly chewed pen and her ability to prepare all her studies, to Veronica Moore.

Cleta O'Brien leaves her eighteen day diet to Oliver King, and all her latest news to the Associated Press.

Harold Zimmer bequeaths his "Paul Jones" and Intelligent expression to Jim Love.

Peter C. Burns, Jr. leaves his Bad Axe accent, reputation as the biggest bully south of the bridge and his account of his one punch victory over Red Gulch to Edward Branton.

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George Bleau leaves all his unnecessary credits to anyone positively certain of graduating next year.

Claire McCormick leaves her quality "it" to Jack Walton and her mysterious hand bag to the lost and found.

Mabel Jarvis leaves her wonderful reputation as the class vamp and wealth of knowledge on Physics to Catherine Spencer.

Navarre "Stogie" Revnew leaves his butterfingers, borrowed knife, the reputation of being the most destructive student and his many lady friends to Bernard Netter.

Donald Gardner leaves his sadly overworked jokes, confidential nature, cackle laugh and north end girl to Ray Linteau. He also leaves his business of automobile rides of a dollar a pound to Loraine Green.

Bob Ryan leaves a box of assorted butts and matches, his bronze medal, ability to chisel his way into headlines, and his enjoyment for rumble seats to Bernard Ward.

Thomas Stringer leaves an empty cell in the county jail for the party who threw Adamson's books in the waste basket.

Mary Sullivan leaves her well-timed blushes and dainty demure smile to Kate Wittliff.

Kate Baumann leaves her dancing feet and fireside companions to Barbara Rienecke.

John Addison, the man "without a conscience," leaves many happy memories to the Junior Class. Of his material goods, his two-bit hair cut goes to Bernard Kessel.

Mary Walton leaves her grey hair, expressive vocabulary, store complexion and devotion to Zasu Pitts to Marion LeFevre.

Robert Kearns leaves his acquired football equipment to his brother and partner in crime, Thomas "Oswald," with the provision that he leaves the goal post up next season.

Joseph "Palooka" Walton leaves his membership in the Contact Lodge, home made automobile, overalls, boots, blue shirts, Camels, badly disfigured books, and last but not least, his "chewin'" to Ben Filer.

Miss Patricia Bowen bequeaths her wide knowledge of current events, her beautiful Villa on the lake, sleepless nights and book on "How to Play the Saxophone in Three Lessons, to Jane Neaton.

Veronica Easton wills her docile facial expression, ice skates and text books to Angela Martell.

Donald Mulligan bequeaths to the Smithsonian Institute his set of drums which should be placed in the Pre-Revolutionary Exhibit.

Marie Maury leaves to Helma Smith her dissertations on "What a funny little thing a frog are."

Anna Maes, having no further use for her Pony will let it go as a Latin Scholarship to the Junior procuring the lowest average in Cicero.

Howard Gobeyn leaves his graceful contortions on the Ball Room floor to Julian McMonagle, providing that the said heir procures an invitation to the H. O. G. party.

Nicholar Bernard leaves his Butcher Knife, Wreck on wheels, fish horn, and winning smile to Edward McGill. His golden locks are given to Marie Fitzpatrick.

Clair Simpson, departing from school lays down his "soot-case" with a sigh and offers it to any Junior boy who will uphold the title as nobly and as honestly as he has. Don't rush, the line forms on the right.

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Lawrence "Hermie" Nelson, says he can't leave the Junior Class anything but love.

Ernest Sterosky leaves an expensive job as mission collector, his hair tonic and brief case to Loraine Green.

Harry Love leaves a saxophone, guaranteed to produce more blue notes than Louie's Hungry Five, to Francis Cogley, with the admonition that *he learn how* to play it. His quick wit goes to any eligible Junior.

Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, dainty, demure damsel leaves a carton of Wrigley's Juicy Fruit and her Cadillac to Catherine Spence.

Miss Margaret Kuschel leaves her ability as a violin virtuoso to Fritz Kreisler, providing that he will improve his technique. If he does not comply with this wish it shall go to Mischa Elman.

Jean Mugan leaves her ability to prepare all her subjects in school to the whole Junior class, providing that they all shall be chosen as the Valedictorian in 1932.

Vincent Wylie proudly gives to anyone who wishes to become his heir, his improved conduct and self-control, is managerial duties and his uncontrollable laugh, with the understanding that they will not abuse his treasures.

Marcus Burleigh, leaves his right to leave the class on every election day to the youngest member of the Junior Class, hoping that they will appreciate it.

Thus having disposed of all our material goods, we hereby declare this will to be valid and any previous bequests to be null and void.

Sworn before me this twelfth day of June, year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-one.

MR. FLOYD GIBBONS, Notary Public (Commission expires 7-7-32).

Witnessed, Signed and Sealed.

By MARY WALTON,
CHARLES MOSER,
HOWARD FRUMVELLER.

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BEST SELLING BOOKS

Hints on Notebook Arrangement.....	Joseph Walton
Successful Politics.....	Robert Kelly
Rings Around the Moon.....	Mabel Jarvis
The Successful Borrower.....	Jack Britz
Construction of Modern Poetry.....	Claire McCormick
Muganism on Dennishawn.....	Jean Mugan
Difficulties of Being Popular.....	Robert Ryan
Responsibilities of Being a Sheriff's Son.....	Thomas Stringer
Why Gentlemen Prefer Blonds.....	Mary Walton
Modernistic Dancing	Peter Burns
Use of a Compact.....	Noreen Mara
Why Girls Fall for Harry Love.....	Alice Heaney
Jokes for Younger Folks Only.....	John Addison
Leading a Nigger's Life.....	Joe Wright
Latest Scientific Developments.....	Mary Sullivan
Defence of Flaming Youth; Red Heads.....	Margaret O'Brien
Restfulness of a Schoolroom.....	Howard Frumveller
My Ambition; Replacing Mr. Corey.....	Charles Moser
History of My Intelligence.....	Vincent Wyllie
How to Retain a Slender Figure.....	Clare Simpson
Advantages of Being a Pest.....	Catherine Baumann
Manners for Seniors.....	Margaret Kuschel
It Pays to Advertise.....	Ernest Sterosky
How to Pass Spare Time.....	Navarre Revnew
Commercialized Agriculture.....	Harold Zimmer
The Cost of Well Kept Hair.....	Marie Maury
The Disadvantages of a Large Appetite.....	Lawrence Nelson
How to Act on a Blind Date.....	Howard Gobeyn
Advice of Football Coaches.....	Robert Kearns
When Girls Are Not Seen But Are Heard.....	Veronica Easton
Footlights and Stage Frights.....	Patsy Bowen
How to Avoid Trouble.....	Nicholas Bernard
Constituents of a Basket Ball Player.....	George Bleau
How Society Aids the School Girl.....	Elizabeth Armstrong
Hints for Successfulness in Business Managing.....	Donald Gardner
Where Money May be Spent.....	Harry Love
The Book Worm.....	Anna Maes
Moon Mulligan at the Drums.....	Donald Mulligan
Wit of the 42.....	Cleta O'Brien
One Lost Frenchman.....	Martha Rondeau
Atmosphere in Higher Altitudes.....	Marcus Burleigh
The Idealism of Day Dreaming.....	William Adamson

CATHERINE BAUMANN, '31.

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WHO'S WHO

SAINT STEPHEN HIGH SCHOOL

William Stewart Adamson	-	-	-	English Course
John Thaddeus Addison	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Elizabeth Marie Armstrong	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Catherine Lucille Baumann	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course, Cum magna laude
Nicholas James Bernard	-	-	-	Latin Course
George John Bleau	-	-	-	English Course
Patricia Elizabeth Bowen	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course
John James Britz	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Marcus Charles Burleigh	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Peter Charles Burns, Jr.	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Veronica Anthonette Easton	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course
John Howard Frumveller	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Donald Raymond Gardner	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Howard G. Gobeyn	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course, Cum magna laude
Alyce Winifred Heaney	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Mabel Catherine Jarvis	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Robert J. Kearns	-	-	-	English Course
Robert James Kelly	-	-	-	Scientific Course, Cum laude
Margaret Cecelia Kuschel	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course, Cum magna laude
Harry Love	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Anna Marie Maes	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course, Cum laude
Mary Noreen Mara	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course, Cum laude
Marie Margrette Maury	-	-	-	English Course
Claire M. McCormick	-	-	-	English Course
Charles John Moser	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course, Cum laude
Theresa Jean Mugan	-	-	-	Latin Course, Cum magna laude
Donald R. Mulligan	-	-	-	English Course
Lawrence Joseph Nelson	-	-	-	English Course
Cleta Veronica O'Brien	-	-	-	English Course
Margaret Marian O'Brien	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course, Cum magna laude
George Navarre Revnew	-	-	-	English Course
Martha Elizabeth Rondeau	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Robert John Ryan	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course, Cum laude
Clare A. Simpson	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Ernest August Sterosky	-	-	-	English Course
Thomas Carroll Stringer	-	-	-	Latin Scientific Course
Mary Virginia Sullivan	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Joseph S. Walton	-	-	-	English Course
Mary Elizabeth Walton	-	-	-	Scientific Course, Cum laude
Joseph Patrick Wright	-	-	-	Scientific Course, Cum laude
Vincent Robert Wyllie	-	-	-	Scientific Course
Harold J. Zimmer	-	-	-	English Course

HISTORY OF PORT HURON

We all like to see the old town name in print. After hearing Mr. Jenks talk we see many reasons why Port Huron should break into print.

Mr. Jenks, one of the best known historians in Michigan, Chairman of the Historical Board of Michigan, was the very easiest person to interview. My first impression was that his prosperous law business must receive second consideration when any topic or subject of historical importance arises.

Seated behind a broad desk piled high with historical references his blue eyes sparkled as he spoke and offered to help me on any historical question I might ask.

The main question I brought and one I knew was of special interest to him so with pencil and pad in hand I began.

"Where were the first settlements around St. Clair county and Port Huron?" I asked.

Settling deeper in his chair, as one warming up to his subject he began.

"Most historians agree that the first white men to traverse the St. Clair River were the two French Priests, Dallier and Galliver, in 1670, and in 1679, LaSalle sailed up this river, he was followed by Duluth in 1686, who established a fort a short distance from Detroit, but this fort only remained two years. Duluth in his reports often mentioned the wondrous beauty of the rolling meadows on each side of the St. Clair River."

"How did Lake St. Clair receive its name?" was the next question I ventured.

"Well, it happened that when LaSalle first sighted this beautiful river it was on the 12th of August, which was the feast of St. Clare, and in her honor LaSalle called the Lake, St. Clare" was his enlightening reply.

"Where was the first permanent settlement near or around Port Huron," I asked uncertain as to the outcome, as I remembered the many conflicting opinions I had encountered.

But Mr. Jenks speaking as "one having authority" put me at ease and he answered. "The first settlement was at Sinclair, now known as St. Clair in 1765 by Patrick Sinclair, who erected a fort and built a saw mill and began the prosperous settlement.

"When was Port Huron first accounted as a city of any importance?" I asked.

His reply came readily. "I should judge when it was deemed necessary to erect a fort at Port Huron and the U. S. Government sent a brilliant young Army engineer to construct the fort. This young engineer's name was Charles Gratiot. After the completion of the fort it was called Fort Gratiot in his honor. This fort increased the military importance of Port Huron and attracted many people to this town and consequently it began to increase in size and population."

When was St. Clair county first established, also when did Port Huron first become a city?

Pausing a few seconds he then continued. "St. Clair County was created in 1820, by Governor Lewis Cass and it embraced parts of Macomb, Lapeer, Huron, and Saginaw counties and the City of Port Huron was first consolidated as such in 1857."

"What was the outline on the plan of Port Huron at this time," was the next question I asked.

The able historian as if one with an unlimited supply of facts began.

"Port Huron consisted of four plats which were known as the Village of Peru, which included land North of Griswold and East of Fourth St., The Desmond plat which was bounded on the East and South by Peru and on the West by what is

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now known as Seventh St. Huron plat was bounded on the North by Superior St., and on the South by State St. The other plat consisted chiefly of Fort Gratiot.

With a hurried glance at the clock, I asked, "Mr. Jenks, what was the chief industry of Port Huron in this early time?"

Again came the never ending reply. "Boat building and lumbering. You see Port Huron was very well situated for carrying on lumbering business applied this trade proficiently for many years. The Black River Steam mill operated for many years where Seventh St. Bridge now stands and for many years was the chief income for the city.

As a final question I asked the one that would embrace a large amount of space. "What were the first buildings in Port Huron, also railroads and roads?"

"Well," he began as if recalling to memory certain facts. "The first saw mill as you know was at the site of the Seventh St. Bridge. "The first hotel was built on the corner of what is now Huron Ave. and Grand River, by two men, Porter and Powers. This was followed by the erection of a shoe store by J. W. Campbell, and a general store by Michael Kerly, on Black River. The Brown School House was built by B. R. S. Mill in back of where the present Court House now stands and the first railroad was completed by the Grand Trunk in 1859, this ran from Detroit to Port Huron. The Light House was erected in 1825 at the mouth of Lake Huron.

"Do you enjoy this historical work Mr. Jenks?" I asked as I shook hands with him ending the interview.

Quickly came his reply. "More than anything else. The hard work is worth the enjoyment I receive." As I left his office I wondered if we consider how much we are indebted to men of his type for the preservation of such sacred events and happenings that otherwise would pass into generations lost!

Thomas Strujs '31

A VISIT TO THE PAPER PLANT

The bell had sounded and our classes had commenced, when word came, "We dismiss the Physics and Chemistry classes this P. M. to accept an invitation to visit the Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Co." This was indeed news, each pupil uttered a forlorn sigh, while tears began to fill each eye, the thought of leaving our class room with its experiments and joyful discussions for the afternoon seemed unbearable. However, it wasn't long before sixty students had started on their way to the Sulphite Paper Co.

Upon our arrival at the plant we were cordially welcomed by Mr. Summers, the head chemist, and our old friends George Woods and Bernard Young, both of the 1928 Class and Mr. Russell Norris. They were to conduct us through the plant and explain any difficulty that might arise. Our interest and enthusiasm rose as we continued following the leader through a seemingly never ending line of machines, apparatuses of different kinds and store rooms. The explanations of our guides were somewhat interesting, although as a whole mysterious to us. As we met those industrious, tireless workers we realized more fully the perspiration attached to manufacture of paper and vowed never to waste a single particle. Our guide apparently knew every nook and corner of the plant. He dodged here and there while we stumbled along blindly behind. We all knew the factory was a large roomy concern but never thought it held such a tremendous large walking capacity.

The process of producing paper is lengthy and interesting. The logs, spruce, balsam, fir, or hemlock are from six to eight inches in diameter and about four feet long. They are first soaked in water to loosen the fibres and simplify the process which follows. The bark is rubbed off by rotating drums, the barkless logs are then chipped and prepared for cooking, which is the most important item of the entire process, for its results determine the quality of paper which will be produced.

The cooking process, our guide explained, is based upon practical experience rather than chemical knowledge of the reaction that takes place in the cooking. The digester consists of a large shell made of steel plates of about one to one and one-half inches thick, it holds about fifteen tons. The chips which are stored in a bin above the cooker are dumped into this huge digester. A strong solution of Sulphuric acid is also poured into the digester with the chips. The cooking process begins by heating this mixture. All the openings in the drum are cleared and steam is forced into it. The combined actions of the steam and the acid reduce the chips to a mushy pulp. The material used and the quality of paper desired determines the time of the cooking which ranges from twelve to thirty hours.

This pulp in the mushy state is strained to sort out all knots or other uncooked particles. It is then diluted with water, usually about 98% water and 2% pulp. The pulp is bleached by sulphur trioxide, a gas formed in the cooking process. If a different color is desired a portion of the pulp is separated and dyed that specific color. The pulp is then sent over a series of rollers, which dry and press the fibres into sheets, which in turn are packed to suit their own purpose, here the paper gets its first rest. But our tour was not yet complete, we were led up a flight of stairs and shown the paper rooms, that is rooms where the different grades of the finished products are kept and we were allowed to take a few novelty samples. As we emerged from the building we saw Pete Burns, Cleta O'Brien, Bob Kearns and Clara McCormick standing outside. We wouldn't like to accuse them but no one remembers seeing them inside..

Three-thirty found us heading homeward with aching backs, heads, and feet. We thought of the odors of chemicals we had inhaled, of stairs we had climbed, of the walking we had done, of the numerous pages of notes recorded and most of all the pleasant, comfortable, and cheerful class room we had left a few hours previous.

HAROLD ZIMMER, '31.

THE PORTAL



THE PORTAL

SOCIAL CALENDAR

The social activities of the school year were opened in a very fitting manner with the beginning of football season, when the Senior Girls planned the supper for the Holy Name football team, September 26th. Dinner was served in the stucco, following the game at Pine Grove Park. Father Trese ('19) accompanied the boys and was an honor guest. The dinner was followed by a dance at the K. of C. hall, everyone declared they had a most enjoyable time.

Next came a Get-Together party, planned by the social committee of the S. S. C., for the Juniors and Seniors. This was held in the stucco on Wednesday afternoon, October 22nd. Bunco was played and prizes were awarded to the winners. This also proved to be a very successful affair.

As a continuation of our social season, the next event of interest was a Junior-Senior dance on February 8th. This was held in the I. O. O. F. Hall, Gratiot Avenue. Music was furnished by the Blue Water Syncopators and was attended by a full quota of Juniors and Seniors. Patrons and patronesses for the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wellman, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sharow and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Burns.

Just before Lent, a benefit dance for the Athletic Association was held in the K. of C. rooms, on February 6th. Music was furnished by the McKanlass orchestra. Patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Bowen and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kearns. A wonderful time was reported by all.

We all anticipate the usual social affairs that accompany graduation, and know that the same happy time will be repeated.

ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG,
PATSY BOWEN, '31.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

Three times this year, St. Stephen High School broke into print with the news, "First State Prize." Robert Ryan won first, when he took the Michigan prize for the history essay on "The Opening of the West." He was awarded his trophy March 19, by Mayor Kemp, and given two framed copies of historical interest by Mr. James Ludlow of the Chamber of Commerce.

Then Helma Smith won the state prize for the Atlantic Monthly Essay Contest, with an essay she did for a day's assignment entitled, "The Personality of a Handshake."

Floyd Bernard, a freshman, won the Junior High state award for an essay, "Why My State is Famous."

All of these prizes are awarded by the National High School Awards. The Judges are Dr. J. Cooper, Commissioner of the U. S. Department of Education, the Editors of Scribner's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, The Bookman, Boy's Life, American Boy, and several others. Next year, maybe we can land a National prize.

NAME	ALIAS	WHERE FOUND	APPEARANCE	OCCUPATION	FAVORITE SAYING
William Adamson	Whoopee	With Stupid	Disgusting	Writing This	"Scram!"
John Addison	Jawn	Florence	Gawky	Cartoonist	"Them There"
Elizabeth Armstrong	Hon	In the Ark	Stubby	Pilot	"Oh Yeah"
Catherine Baumann	Kate	Church	Pious	Librarian	"Book Overdue"
Nicholas Bernard	Roger	Oatman's	Terrible	Fussing	"What Ho!"
George Bleau	Breezie	Gym	Athletic	Basket Ball	"Deah Deah"
Patsy Bowen	Pat	Greystone	Blithe	Dancing	"Oh Promise Me"
John Britz	Clem	Majestic Billiards	Slick	Trading	"I. O. U. Two Bits"
Marcus Burleigh	Mark	Ritz	Worldly	School	"I'm a Graduate"
Peter Burns	Junior	Bill and Jim's	Lanky	Work	"Attaboy"
Veronica Easton	Bonnie	Farm	Robust	Chores	"Whoa"
Donald Gardner	Lame Brain	North End	Undecided	Matinees	"How Do You Know"
Howard Gobeyn	Sachel	Smith Bros.	So-So	Clerk	"No Sale"
Howard Frumveller	Chisler	Tenth and Union	Dignified	Gas Man	"Horses"
Alyce Heaney	Rae	Anywhere	Anyway	Anything	"My My"
Mabel Jarvis	Runt	Palmer Park	Short	Skating	"Hey Hey"
Robert Kearns	Dan	Bowling Alley	Burly	Football	"Signals"
Robert Kelly	Dobin	The Edison	Polished	Dittoing	"Hello Girls"
Margaret Kuschel	Old Gold	Home	Hearty	Walking	"Going Home?"
Harry Love	Paul	Alma's	Swarthy	Playing Sax	"Do It This Way"
Anna Maes	Banana	South Park	Childish	Doing Latin	"Submerge"
Noreen Mara	Poker Dice	Majestic Theatre	Normal	Annoying Ivories	"Good Night"
Marie Maury	Dame	Abbotsford	Hickish	Writing	"Shove Off"
Claire McCormick	Einstien	Omit	Husky	Lots of Things	"Come In"
Jean Mugan	Babe	At Walton's	Brilliant	Praying	"Great"
Donald Mulligan	Moon	Brockway	Pleasing	Drummer	"Gonna Dance"
Charles Moser	Kayo	Coal Yard	Soft	Peddler	"How Many Tons"
Lawrence Nelson	Herman	Essex	Flashy	Manager	"Youse Guys"
Cleta O'Brien	Betty Co-Ed	Family Theatre	Stout	As You Like It	"Got a Date"
Margaret O'Brien	Granny	Pine Grove	Auburn	Helping Others	"Let's Go!"
Navarre Revnew	Stogie	Norma's	Aggressive	Sports	"I'm Fouled"
Martha Rondeau	Harriet	Country	Honest	Reading	"Um Huh"
Robert Ryan	Railroad	Out	Ready for Action	Essayist	"Go West Young Man"
Clare Simpson	Sootkase	Pirates' Den	Feet		"Ain't That Sumpin"
Ernest Sterosky	Rooster	Graziadet's	Saintly		"Now These Bananas"
Thomas Stringer	Tommy	In the Jug	Official		"How Long Yu In For"
Mary Sullivan	Sully	Desmond	Sharp		"Gosh!"
Joseph Walton	Palooka	In Bed	Wide Awake		"A Snore"
Mary Walton	Billy	Grand River	Rosy		"Hey Ya Clown"
Vincent Willie	Knute	Upton	Overbearing		"Get To Work"
Joseph Wright	Wee Wah	Mildew	Pudgy		"That's Wrong"
Harold Zimmer	Zeb	On the Farm	Scholarly		"Giddap"



HUMOR

BOB KELLY

The driver of a very small and well known car found himself sitting on the curbing surveying his damaged chariot. He turned to the truck driver:

"Do you mean to say that you couldn't see me coming on a straight bit of road like that?" He inquired.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said the truck driver, "I did see your car but I thought it was only a fly on my windshield."

He shuffled up to the farmer and drawled, "I don't suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothin', don't you?"

"Yes, I don't," was the reply.

"Dear Editor," wrote the subscriber, "What is the best thing to take when a person is run down?"

"Would suggest taking the number of the car," was the reply.

Mabel Jarvis: "What? do you mean to tell me that that insignificant little cur is a police dog?"

John Addison: "Yes, maybe Tony doesn't look it, but that's because he's in the secret service."

"Hey, what's the commotion?"

"The village picture show just burned down."

"You don't say; how many were inside?"

"A hundred college students."

"Well."

"They refunded the money."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Three hundred got their money back."

"Mother's in the kitchen, washing up the jugs;
Father's in the cellar, bottling up the suds;
Sister's in the pantry, mixing up the hops;
Johnny's on the front porch, watching for the cops."

Used car salesman: "Well, what's the matter with the car you bought from us a week ago?"

Joe Walton: "Every part of it makes a noise except the horn."

MODERN "LAKE POETS"

BLOODLESS OPERATIONS

*Dedicated to Edward Arthur,
Photographer*

By VINCENT WYLLIE

I

*He never uses laughing gas,
Nor ether nor cocaine,
Nor other anaesthetics
To dull the sense of pain.
And yet his operations
Are wonderful to see,
From Zimmer up to Adamson
They range in their degree.*

II

*He amputates a nose hook,
As if it was a wart,
Freckles, scars and mole marks
To him are merely sport.
He can straighten up a hunch back,
As easy as a curl,
And made each Senior lassie
A classy looking girl.*

III

*He has found the sage's fountain
Of which the poets sing,
And gave each Senior laddie
A look of wise man or a king.
He erased all the wrinkles
Drawn by years of student's cares,
And never for a moment
Would you guess that they were there.*

IV

*In fact we're so good looking,
We linger long to stare
At the dignity and beauty
Found on that class picture there.
Do you wish to know the artist
Who can do such things as these?
A photographer they call him,
But keep the secret please.*

"THE BUNK"

*"That stuff's the bunk," I heard him say
As o'er his books he bent,
"Those lines of mem'ry work won't pay
Us for the time we've spent."*

*"Just tryin' to learn the dizzy rhymes,
Their authors all are dead,
They won't bring in any dimes
Or earn our daily bread."*

*Geometry with theorems long
To him was worse than bunk;
He'd always work them out so wrong
He couldn't help but flunk.*

*The same old grouchy attitude
He showed in Latin class,
"Now why in heck does any stude
Need this dead stuff to pass?"*

*Thus to his fellows he could moan
And o'er his fate lament,
He couldn't see why he alone
The days in working spent.*

*His classmates didn't seem to mind
The things that were to him
Just labelled "bunk" of every kind
From ages past and dim.*

*For "bunk," Friends isn't found in books
That students use in class,
Or taught by teachers' fiery looks
That urge us on to pass.*

*It's peddled by some hapless fool
Like I've depicted here,
Who makes of everything at school
"The bunk," it's me, I fear.*

NAVARRE REVNEW, '31.

THE PORTAL

CLASS ELECTIONS

1. Listen, my children, the tale is spun,
How officers came in '31
How President, Vice and Sec'y, too
Had to campaign hard to all come through.
How Addison stumped and took the stand
And speeded up and down the land.
A-pleasing, planning, plotting bold
To be made rulers of the fold.
2. How Kelly stumped and smiled and joked -
Love, Britz and Stringer fought and poked
Their noses into all affairs
And parceled votes on equal shares
Signs told of virtues and how they gleamed
As they rode about and the radiators steamed
What they would do if elected they voiced
For John they said was the people's choice.
3. Then after all the campaigning was done
The election returns proved two to one.
They started to work and omitted the fun
Thus claiming Kelly the honored one.
Love, Britz and Stringer all came through
The time that November note-books came due
They said good-bye with a muffled sob
As they all rushed out to pursue a job.

JULIAN McMONAGLE, '32.

HOT DOG SALES

St. Stephen's football squad regales
Itself at all our hot dog sales,
Then they go forth and play the game
And bring St. Stephen's greater fame.
Opponents charge and hit a log
We make a touchdown, "HOT DOG."
Bob Kearns is there in training fine,
And Oh, just see him charge that line.
He cuts a furrow like a plow,
His team mates grin and shout "Bow,
Wow,"
For all are full of bulldog fight
When they move they're sure some
sight.
And so we might go on to tell
Of how we fought, and how we fell,
And of the hot dogs we did sell
But such a tale is doggerell.

PETER BURNS, '31.

THINGS THAT PASS THROUGH THE HALLS

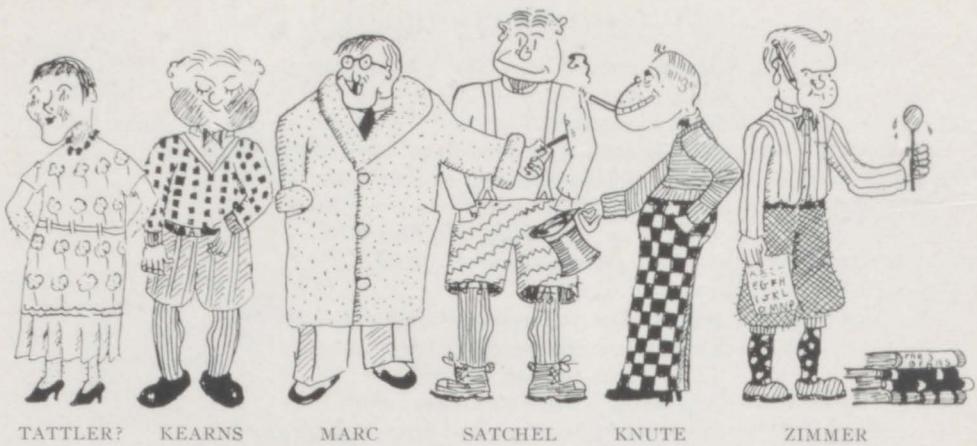
Harry with his saxophone
"Little Nell" with her cornet
Angela with her trombone
They'll drive us crazy yet.

Joey Wright gets up there singing
You can hear him for a mile.
Then the minstrel show starts going
Oh! were it quiet for a while.

Ben Filer and his golden voice
Oh! what an inspiration
One would think to hear him sing
They were in a railroad station.

A big blast from Paul.
A little squeak from Ed.
Oh! how we'd like to take that bunch
And put 'em all to bed.

MARY ADDISON, '33.



HUMOR

"Well," reported the new salesman swinging jauntily into the office, "I got two orders from the Toughnut & Co., today."

"Fine, fine," exclaimed the sales manager enthusiastically.

"Yep, one order to get out and the other to stay out."

Stogie: "When I was a little boy I didn't tell lies."

First Grader: "How old were you when you started?"

Mr. Bernard: "I fear you're not trying hard enough at your lessons, Nick."

Nick: "I am, too, Dad. Sister says I'm the most trying boy in school."

Teacher: What animal is it that has very strong limbs, a fierce temper, wild bushy hair on its head, and is called the king of beasts?

Chas. Moser: A football player.

Applicant: Here is my diploma in public speaking.

Employer: Very well, go out in the other room and address those envelopes.

Stew (entering a flower shop): I want shome flowers.

Prop: Potter, sir?

Stew: None of your bishness.

Sister told a class of Senior pupils that Milton the poet was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's greatest affliction was? "Yes'm," replied Tom Burns, "he was a poet."

Howard Gobeyn: I want my hair cut.

Barber: Any special way?

Howard: Yes, off.

"A man dat finds fault," said Uncle Eben, "is a good deal like a kickin' mule. He makes a heap of disturbance for everybody else but don't make any progress hesse'f."

Lady: "What caused you to become a tramp?"

Tramp: "The family doctor, mum. He advised me to take long walks, after meals; and I've been walking after them ever since."

A PLEA FOR PEACE

Friends, Communists, Gunmen, lend me your ears, that is if a slight portion of those organs remain after the exasperating goatling, picayunish performance of that new instrument of torture, St. Stephen's Band.

If you were present at that field when the organization was first organized by the organizer and the fiendish medley of sounds shattered the air, you have a glimmer of the state into which the world is rapidly degenerating. My friends, is this to be permitted? Are they (the younger generation) to thus despare our fertile land of its verility? Can they rob our lives of peaceful monotony? Shall not all noble men condemn our laxity in this phase of warfare? Out with bombs, gangs, rods, saxophones. Let us drive this intruder from our midst.

"Bring Bliss by Banishing Bands"
Forward, men!

HELMA SMITH, 32.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Most Unsuspecting Juniors:

It is with a touch of remorsefulness that I address you today. Not that I fear you will go unbenefted by our instructions but that next year you will be thrust into this great institution without the guidance of the ever watchful Seniors who are about to pass from this palace of learning. We, who are leaving, are perfectly aware of the fact that the majority of the knowledge and wisdom will be removed from your presence; however to counterbalance this sad state of affairs, we have arranged to leave with you two or three of our Seniors, trusting that you will follow their example and accumulate, by this time next year, the same amount of knowledge which is now in our possession.

The other day the thought struck me and I wondered just how you will get along next year without us? You have no Junior with the football ability of Bob Kearns, nor anyone possessing the baseball technique of Tom Stringer, and far be it for your class to present anyone with the managerial skill of either Nelson, Wyllie or Gardner. Who amongst your crowd can uphold the orchestra, numerically as the Seniors have been doing for the past few years? Can it be said that your girls have the initiative which our girls possess? Hardly, just recall the wonderful suppers given to our athletes by our Senior girls.

Can you bring to mind any one of your members who can write with the brilliant style of Bob Ryan?

It is not my intention to discourage you, Juniors, I merely wish to make my point clear and to imprint upon your minds that next year you are placing a very grave responsibility upon your shoulders. We are all hoping that you will make the class of thirty-two rank second to ours. So I trust you will heed these last minute instructions which our class has prepared for your benefit and furthermore I want you to know that we, as Seniors, wish you all the joys which accompany a Senior in his last days. You may take all of this with a grain of salt, if you please, but nevertheless I want you to know that we wish each and every one of you a real happy and prosperous Senior year.

ROBERT KELLY, '31.

BRAIN FEVER

Apologies to Masefield

*Oh, I must go back to school again to that famed abode of thought.
Where thrilling English Lit'rature is most successf'ly taught.
And where altho' the roomful of pupils are a-shaking
Sits solemn Ed, who's arguing about Hist'ry in the making.*

*Yes, I must go back to school again and watch the teacher's face.
When Joyce does read her paper in a ninety-mile hour race,
And Angela, a quiet child, oft answers yes and no
To questions 'bout the "library," where she is wont to go.*

*Then, I must go back to school again for that's where sounds abound
When noises from a Jewish harp upon the air resound.
Since situations like to this arise, you will agree
Of all the places in the town, that school's the place for me.*

HELMA SMITH, '32.

JUNIOR RESPONSE

DEAR DEPARTING SENIORS:

Courtesy requires that we keep our faces straight and tell you we regret your passing. But in our heart of hearts, we rejoice that at least we can be free, to achieve our own career. We have been thwarted for years, for fear we should eclipse your poor efforts, and add shame to our school by having under classmen succeed when elder classes have failed.

You have long boasted of your athletic stars, but you know you tremble, when you remember what Wellman, Graham, Love, and Keen can do in football, and will do now that they will be given ample opportunity. Even this year, you were glad to have your cheer leader, a humble Junior.

The orchestra you fear will suffer. We grant it will numerically. Yet Angela Martell has long been your star trombone player, and Paul Leahy can easily replace his teacher, John Addison.

You challenge us to produce a worthy successor for Bob Ryan, you are innocent Seniors, despite your years. Did not Helma Smith win first prize in poetry when she was a mere Sophomore, and Francis Wellman won honors in the Edison Contest. While Bud McGill placed in a city contest, when only an eighth grader.

You have given us timely words of advice; we accept them courteously; however, we ask you one parting favor, namely: Come around next year at any time, watch the papers, local and otherwise, listen to the radio, and hear the "low down" on the class of '32. You will be glad to put your thumbs in your vest, (if you haven't pawned it) and say to any passersby, "some class that '32 bunch, that's the way we grow 'em at St. Stephen."

BENJAMIN FILER, '32.

CALENDAR

Sept. 8—Where's my new tie?—School opens.
9—Assigning of respective seats,—second-hand books.
10—First day of regular classes.
11—Announcement that all girls wear uniforms the 15th.
12—Freshmen "lost" most of the time.
15—Frumveller decides to study Physics.
16—Organization of Glee Clubs.
17—Thermometer reads 98° in shade.
18—Thermometer reads 97.5° in shade.
19—The boys were thinking seriously of football!!
22—Student Spiritual Council organized.
23—Nominating candidates for offices—John Addison again in spotlight.
24—Partnership of Adamson & Walton dissolved.
25—John Addison collects leaves for Biology—Trees bare.
26—John Addison receives secretary office unanimously.
29—Freshmen organize for defense.
30—Roger's birthday.

Oct. 1—Caucus to nominate John for all four class offices.
2—Another caucus to nominate Oliver King, Junior president.
3—Everyone busy electioneering.
6—A get-acquainted party was held among Juniors and Seniors.
7—First organized orchestra practice was held.
8—"Sootcase" experiments with gun powder! Poof!
9—Bill McIntosh and Brownie Springer come to organize football.
10—Many boys presented themselves for the first practice.
13—Free Day—Father's Feast Day—Program.
14—Walton's Star, used as Addison's campaign car.
15—Banquet extended Holy Name football players of Detroit—senior girls act as waitresses.
16—Physics and Chemistry classes visit Port Huron Sulphite Co.
17—A box social was given by the Juniors, with Senior girls as guests.
20—Election of class officers.
21—Jack Walton makes his appearance wearing a large orange tie.
22—Addison addresses 3-5 Club, explains platform.
23—"Hard" Moser spots Love 40 points and beats him.
24—St. Leo vs. St. Stephen—Athletic Park.
27—Seniors had fingers measured for class rings.
28—Junior and Senior English classes were writing essays for contest.
29—Bernard sleeps in class while others study.
30—Migration day, Yale 0—St. Stephen 15.
31—Ernie Sterosky had posted notices on all bulletin boards stating that a paper drive would be held Monday.

Nov. 3—Rooms filled with paper, piles reaching the ceiling.
4—Suitcase and Cissy turn up missing.
5—The chemistry class evidently were experimenting with carbon disulphide??
6—Ernie makes eloquent plea for missions.
7—Sent essays to Oregon Trail Association, only Ryan won, however.
10—Examinations for first quarter.
11—Many daily attendants at Mass because of
12—Examinations!
13—More examinations!!
14—Still examinations!!!
17—Many forgot to get their books after the exams, they paid a fine of one

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half hour after school.

18—Report Cards again! More joy for the "A" pupils.

19—Senior orations due.

20—Church steps gang discuss politics.

21—Football heroes badly mussed up.

24—Sophs elect officers.

25—More gun powder! Lay off, Simpson!

26—"Who took the books out of my locker?"

27—Thanksgiving Day because tomorrow is

28—A free day.

Dec. 1—"Oh! how we hate to get up in the morning" after two free days.

2—Winter again! Girls are seen taking off galoshes before ascending the stairs.

3—Seniors received class rings.

4—Seniors preparing for

5—Program in honor of Our Lady. Seniors had rings blessed with appropriate ceremonies.

8—Free Day—Immaculate Conception.

9—Always hard after a free day.

10—Making arrangements for calling cards.

11—Addison signs to cartoon for the "Snooze."

12—Snow! Snow! Snow! Seniors shovel.

15—Rumor of Senior "Annual."

16—Majority rules in vote,—"Annual" assured.

17—Students out soliciting patrons.

18—Students still soliciting patrons, going fine.

19—St. Stephen, 33; Yale, 11—Nice goin'!
Christmas Vacation.

Jan. 5—Happy New Year! Everybody shining for pictures to be taken for Annual.

6—More pictures taken.

7—More pictures taken.

8—Still more pictures taken.

9—Everybody has laid aside disguise of good clothes and back to work at the old stand.

12—Poster Campaign.

13—Proofs of pictures returned? ! Ouch!

14—Adamson's books missing.

15—Bulletin boards extending greetings to Miss Bastendorf.

16—Jeanne Bastendorf and Mary Jane Smith from Marygrove speak for S. S. C.
(Boys missing all afternoon, showing visitors—etc.)

19—Blue Monday—Reports ahead.

20—Joe Walton dreaming again.

21—Sophomore Declamation Contest, Mother Benidicta returns.

22—Junior and Senior dance. "We won't be home until morning."

23—Report Cards again!—Somebody comes up missing.

26—New semester begins for those who passed! "Tears, idle Tears."

27—Green turtle must have failed, he left the aquarium.

28—Everybody writing "Camel Essays" and—

29—Wondering how they will spend the money.

30—S. S. C. Meeting—Very good program.

Feb. 2—Still no news from the "Camel" company.

3—George Bleau has his throat blessed; here's hoping he can be heard in future.

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4—Bill Adamson was reprimanded for humming during study hour.
6—Seniors wrote news stories—Many illuminations!!!
6—Hurry with those short stories, Chisel!
9—St. Stephen vs. P. H. H. S.
10—Frosh Declamations.
11—Ash Wednesday. "Smokes disappear."
12—Rehearsal for "Rosemary."
13—Freshmen Play, "Rosemary."
16—Official visit to the Water Works.
17—Substitute in Person of one of 1927 (M. J.)
18—Enter Mr. Powell and "I'm glad to see you folks, again."
19—Debate. St. Stephen vs. P. H. H. S.
20—Mr. Oesterle gives a talk on cement manufacture.
23—Magazine drive. Erne Sterosky holds daily "Pep Meetings."
24—The Reds are gaining.
25—Still Reds are gaining.
26—Reds are winning, but the contest is continued.

Mar. 2—Rumors of a big Minstrel show.
3—Mr. Powell returns for a Pep Meeting and a Pirate Show.
4—The last day of the race and finally—
5—The Reds have won.
6—Basketball Tournament. St. Stephen, runners up.
9—Wild noises from the assembly. Minstrel show in progress.
10—The chorus is bowing to the baton.
11—Mr. Levy speaks to the minstrel folks.
12—Radio station hook-up at S. S. C. meeting. Shorty and Joe Walton feature Children's Hour.
13—Every one watching their step. Friday the 13th.
16—Students learn of the Rectory fire.
17—More hard work.
18—No excitement—all quiet and peaceful.
19—Mayor Kemp gave Bob Ryan his trophy. WHOOPEE!
20—Free day. (Given by Mayor. We'll remember this next fall.)
23—The Seniors were trying to write poetry.
24—Students invited to inspect damaged Rectory.
25—State Fire Inspectors address student body.
26—Mr. Moody gives final plans for annual.
27—Kearns meets a new girl and we all go to visit the Morton Salt Co.
30—Our free day for the magazine drive finally arrived.
Easter Vacation. Thank you, Father McCormick.

April 6—Last day of our vacation.
7—Everyone back to school again. Spring Fever.
8—Announcement of Valedictorian and Salutatorian.
9—New cabinet installed in Physics Lab.
10—Physics and chemistry classes busy constructing projects for display.
13—Peter Burns, as usual, had his argument in Physics class.
14—Same old grind.
15—Baseball practice gets under way.
16—Harry Love gets sick—Love sick.
17—Sister refused to sign third permit presented to her during one study hour, by Howard Frumveller.
20—Organization of girls' baseball team—Meg. O'Brien, captain.
21—Strenuous Minstrel Practice under the direction of Father Martin.
22—Dress rehearsal for Minstrel show. Girls wearing red ties.
23—Matinee for Boys' Minstrel show. Whoopee!!!

THE PORTAL

24—First baseball game of the season. We won.
27—Minstrel show finally over. All jokes aside.
28—High school and grades art and science exhibit in full swing.
29—Hey, Cogley! Wash your ears.
30—Mosher's steering wheel enters school.

May 1—May Day celebration in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
4—Professor O'Regan from U. of D. spoke to Seniors.
5—Intelligence Test—Danger ahead.
6—Helma Smith and Floyd Bernard, State prize winners.
7—Second visit of Mayor Kemp and Mr. Ludlow.
8—Rev. Father Sylvester Healey speaks to student body on his work as a missionary in China.
11—Retreat conducted by Father Martin.
12—Still the Retreat.
13—Retreat concluded. Sprouting pin feathers.
14—Free day. Ascension Thursday.
15—Another baseball game. We won again.
18—Too hot to work; easier to sleep.
19—Only eighteen more days, Seniors.
20—"Portal" ready. Hold your hat.
21—Biology class exterminates Abner (the frog).
22—Stogie admits that he is wrong. Returns.
25—Girls' Baseball Team win 22 to 24. Yea-Team!
26—Sign up for the tennis tourney.
27—How many Portals have you sold?
28—Bernards decides to go to Mildew.
29—Grades all broken out with balls and bats—Athletes of the future.

June 1—Nelson talks an arm off Addison.
2—Kearns removes bases from diamond.
3—Reginald, the mudturtle, is explleed from the Lab.
4—Walton burns his books.
5—Bernard wakes up from hibernating.
8—Graduation beginning to look serious.
9—Are you in line for prizes? Maybe.
Exams for the under classmen.
11—Class Day. Junior-Senior banquet.
12—Last rehearsal for the big parade.
14—Commencement. Father Pathe, Speaker.

*Adios—old school, your halls are new
And we have tramped them well.
We're glad to graduate, 'tis true,
And your fame we'll always tell.
Our year has been right memorable,
We worked and had some fun;
We've kept together through it all,
The class of '31.*

MARGARET KUSCHEL, 31,
JOSEPH WRIGHT, '31.

HEROIC COUPLETS

(With apologies to John Dryden)
*Here they come in cap and gown;
A wreath of smiles and not a frown.*

*Who's the domo? What a man!
Why it's only Primo the eye tally ian.*

*Lookit, Pa! an athleet!
Shoddup Ike! it's Moser's feet.*

*Ouch, my eyes! Holy Nellie
Tip your hat; here's Kidney Kelly.*

*Lookit the long guy; pipe the swag,
Pardon me. Sootcase on his nag.*

*Who's the chap that looks so trim?
That's Sissie with his 4 inch chin.*

*Holy Moses! Gold and braid!
Our swindler completed another trade.*

*Who's the "Handsome" with Peg O'Brien?
Blessed if it ain't, our own Rob Ryan!*

*Lookit the clumsy, out of step,
Look again, it's just Joe Prep.*

*Ha, Ha. A farmer with a gun
How de do, Jawn Addison.*

*What a face! The funny fogie
Careful now, you'll insult Stogie.*

*Boy! what a nose! quite a sap
Peter Burns, His handsome map.*

*Ugh! that fem! excuse my groan.
Excuse nothing. That's Patsy Bowen.*

*Who's that couple? Pipe the pins!
Well, I never! The Walton twins.*

*Shades of Hades! How it burns.
Did ya see the tie on Daddy Kearns?*

THE PORTAL

*Hold your penies, keep your felts on.
Here comes the Shylock Hermie Nelson.*

*Now, here's a couple, start disrobin'.
Noreen Mara and Howard Gobeyn.*

*Who's this coming? Lift me Daddy.
Why it's "Lizzie" in her "caddy."*

*Who's this girl, looks like Lon Chaney.
Look once more, it's jail bird Heaney.*

*Here's a hot one, boop, boop, a doopie.
Bow your heads to Sweeney whoopee.*

*This gent here, he doesn't trifle.
It's Wyllie riding a nitrogen cycle.*

*Horsemen, horsemen, keep on shovlin'
This is cutey, Mary Sullivan.*

*Here's the Physics shark, know his name?
He hasn't got one—just "Lamebrain."*

*Who's the hick? Puttin' on style,
Don't you know him—"Smell-a-mile."*

*Chew my gum and eat my pies.
Gawgie Bleau, and looking wise.*

*Here's a dame your eyes can feast on.
Just our little Bonnie Easton.*

*Lookit that towhead, wasting time—
Just Bernard, the Social Lion.*

*Come on, Ike, it looks like rain.
Shure Pop—See it all next year again.*

JOSEPH WRIGHT, '31.

CAUGHT!

*Tom, Tom, the sheriff's son
Took his exams and away he run.
But teacher saw—and then alack,
Tom was quickly ushered back.*

THE PORTAL

A NIGHT MARE

*Once in a lonely attic,
A student sat asleep,
His face was wan and weary,
His books lay in a heap.*

*A note book was half open,
And pictures were in view,
Of creatures wild and wooly,
For the quarter's work was due.*

*A mollusc large and flabby,
Was on the top most page,
A cray fish gaunt and gawky,
With antennae raised in rage.*

*These were glaring at each other,
While the student sat asleep,
When low from out their silence,
The beasts began to speak.*

*"Let's pierce our strange creator,
His heart is cruel and mean,
Or else he'd never draw such things,
Unfit to be ever seen.*

*They rose and struck his thorax,
The molluscs beat his shell,
The student woke in frenzy,
And then began to yell.*

*He grasped the book in horror,
Yet each page he found in tack,
His wound was only fancy,
His scream had brought him back.*
ANYBODY IN THE CLASS OF '33.

MISTAKEN

*Many people think,
With what I do not know
That school is very easy.
Whoever told them so?*

*If they should study nature
Of mollusks, large and small
And gaze at some of the drawings
Of Sophomores on the wall.*

*Then let them take a final
Once every fourth a year
On how, when, where and why
Of things not very clear.
By then they may be willing
To take back what they have said.
Or else come in their idle hours
And fill their empty heads.*

EDWARD JONES, '33.

TO SOME, PERPLEXING

*Ancient History puzzles me
I never could see why
In spite of all the reigns we've had
It still should be so dry.*

*They say that you should keep in order
Every battle fought.
But I'm still searching for the first,
And each result it brought.*

*If you should ever have in mind
This History to study
First take a tip, for you will find
Its contents very muddy.*

MARY KENNEDY, '33.

JINGLE RHYMES

*Little Jack Gerber did sit in the study
Munching an apple, they say.
When along came the teacher, and Jackie boy's features
Were marred for the rest of the day.*

THE PORTAL

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This is a list of the business and professional people of Port Huron who are sponsors of The Portal. It is from them that the largest share of the money necessary for the Annual has come. We appreciate these favors.

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THE PORTAL

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ODE TO JUNIOR CLASS

*Blessings on thee, Junior Class,
You may be Seniors, if you pass.
With your wizards and your drones,
Also lads with undertones.
With your redheads, twins and poets,
Your class is foremost and we know it.
But from my heart I give my joy,
Glad I am a Senior boy.*

ROBERT KELLY, '31.

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